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JAMES FREEMAN AND KING'S CHAPEL,  
1782-87.

A CHAPTER IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE UNITA-  
RIAN MOVEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. HENRY W. FOOTE.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the ecclesiastical history of New England is that which took place in King's Chapel, Boston, after the resumption of public worship there at the close of the Revolutionary War. The whole chapter is closely associated with the name and bears the enduring impress of the character of James Freeman, the minister of that church for fifty-four years, and the leader in the theological change which altered the liturgy and doctrine of that ancient church from that of the Church of England to the non-trinitarian form which it has ever since retained.

Many are yet living who recall the benign and kindly old man, in whom wit and wisdom shone with a mild lustre; who, having no children of his own, adopted all the children of his parish into his playful companionship, the lover of good things,

the friend of good men, the patriarch of the Boston pulpit, the father of what is known as the Unitarian movement in America. But to most of this generation he is only known (if known at all) by the fine portrait by Stuart, or by the expressive bust in the church where he once ministered, which perpetuates those flowing white locks of age, that speaking countenance beaming with sweetness and benignity, yet serene with reserved strength.

Yet this gracious and placid old man was once the centre of a controversy perhaps the most strenuous that was ever waged in this controversial corner of the earth, and before he was thirty years old had seen the issue of all the eventful events in his life. The story of the change in his opinions, and in the sentiments and forms of King's Chapel, deserves to be told, as a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of New England; and in telling it I shall let the letters and other documents on which the narrative is based speak for themselves, as far as possible, rather than by any interpreter.

James Freeman, son of Constant and Lois (Cobb) Freeman, was born in Charlestown, April 22, 1759. His parents were both natives of Truro, in Barnstable County. His father is said by Dr. Greenwood, in his *Memoir of Dr. Freeman*, to have been "a man of strong mind and excellent character, and his life marked by enterprise and vicissitude." The son attended the Boston Latin School, under the famous Master Lovell, and graduated at Harvard College in 1777. Although the opening years of the Revolutionary War seriously interrupted the course of the college studies, he brought away an excellent amount of scholarship for the times, in the languages and in mathematics, — the latter constituting his after-dinner diversion, with slate and pencil, even in old age. He seems to have early justified his father's confidence in him, who wrote to him thus from Quebec, in 1775: —

*Dear Femmy,* — Pray mind your own studies and the Education of your Brothers and Sisters, consider that you have a great charge upon you, live in the fear of God, and he will be with you and bless you.

His father, who had been a sea-captain in earlier life, had

become a merchant in Quebec some time before the outbreak of the war. His mother died soon after the beginning of hostilities, when all communication was suspended, and the husband and father, who was obliged to remain at Quebec to protect the property of those whose agent he was, was unable for some time even to visit the children whom he pathetically describes, in a petition to the Governor of Quebec, as his "poor motherless babes in New England."

The sympathies of young James were strongly on the patriot side, and although he did not enlist in the army (I conjecture because of the inconvenience and peril which such a step would bring upon his father under these circumstances), after graduating, on visiting his relatives on Cape Cod, where he taught a school at Barnstable, he drilled a company of Cape Cod troops which was raised for the Continental army. In the summer of 1780, he sailed for Quebec with his sister and youngest brother, to place them with their father. "The vessel in which he embarked was fitted out as a cartel; but not being acknowledged as such by the Governor of Quebec, on his arrival he was made a prisoner, and put on board a guard-ship. He remained in this situation till December, when, the severity of the weather no longer suffering the guard-ship to lie in the river, he was admitted on shore a prisoner on parole. In the summer of 1782, he obtained permission of the Governor to go to New York, and embarked in a letter of marque, which, after she had been out a week, was captured by a privateer from Salem, and he carried into that port. Immediately on his arrival he began to preach," — first, probably, for Rev. William Bentley, of Salem, his classmate and intimate friend. Not without preparation, for he had passed a year at Cambridge as a resident graduate, and had read theology since, after the fashion of the time (for there were no divinity schools) with such helps as he could.

At this time, the Old South congregation were worshipping in King's Chapel, jointly with the regular congregation, — each using its own form of worship for one-half the day. But it had been determined by the remnant of the congregation whom the war had left, to resume exclusive possession of

their church as soon as possible, and, in September, 1782, the attention of some of its members was turned toward Mr. Freeman as a candidate who might repair the wasted places of their Zion. The records of the Society contain a courteous note to him from Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, sounding him on the subject, with Mr. Freeman's characteristic reply. He says in it:—

WALPOLE, 10 Sept., 1782.

. . . The subject on which you write is indeed, as you express it, of the greatest importance to me. It is no less than throwing myself upon the candor of gentlemen for whose character and abilities I entertain the highest veneration, and exposing myself in a town where I shall tremble under the eye of the most accurate judges. I have, however, although conscious of my inability to please or instruct the proprietors of the Chapel, ventured to hold myself disengaged, until I should have the happiness of seeing you. . . . I would beg permission before I determine anything, to consult my friends. A similar offer has been made me from Providence. . . . Whatever may be my final resolution, I shall ever regard the advice of Dr. Bulfinch of great weight, and shall not fear to pursue a mode of conduct which he shall judge proper.

On Sept. 28, 1782, the Wardens wrote him a formal letter, inviting him "to officiate for the Proprietors of the Chapel in the capacity of a Reader for six months, . . . hoping and trusting that" his "further continuance in the service of the church will be acceptable both to" him "and to them. The duty expected of you is to read the service of the church twice every Sunday, and also on Saints' days; to deliver a sermon of your own composing as often as is convenient; and at other times to read such other sermons as are most approved by you. The Proprietors consent to such alterations in the service as are made by the Rev. Dr. Parker; and leave the use of the Athanasian creed at your discretion."

The alterations made by Dr. Parker, at Trinity Church, were chiefly in the prayers for the royal family. The Athanasian creed was, and still is, an essential part of the Liturgy of the Church of England; but it has been reserved to recent times to ascertain its vital importance to Christian truth; and the general aversion which existed in America to what Dr.



Greenwood entitles "that strange compound of unintelligible definitions and unchristian anathemas," is evinced by the fact that it was somewhat later dropped from the Liturgy of the American Episcopal Church, at the risk of not obtaining recognition from the Church of England.

Some idea of the situation of Mr. Freeman at this time is given by the following letter which he wrote to his father, at Quebec:—

*Hon'd Sir, —*

BOSTON, 24th Dec., 1782.

. . . I suppose long before this reaches you, you will be made acquainted with my situation at the Chapel. I am now confirmed in opinion, that I shall obtain the settlement for life. The church increases every day, and I am happy to find that my friends are still very partial. I trust, you believe, that by entering into this line, I have imbibed no high church notions. I have fortunately no temptations to be bigotted; for the proprietors of the Chapel are very liberal in their notions. They allow me to make several alterations in the service, which liberty I frequently use.

We can scarcely be called of the Church of England; for we disclaim the authority of that country in ecclesiastical, as well as in civil matters. It seems to be the intention of the Episcopalians here to form an American Church, which shall be more free from superstition than that of England. A plan for that purpose has been published in Philadelphia, in which the succession of bishops, an idea highly grateful to churchmen, is given up. Perhaps I may be the first minister ordained in America upon this new establishment.

I forgot to mention in my former letters the sum I receive for preaching. For the first six months I am to be paid £50 sterling. This is not much, but when I engaged, the church was small, consisting only of about forty families. It has already increased to near eighty. So that I imagine, at the end of the six months, when I shall enter into new terms, the Salary will be raised to £250 or £300 Lawful Money per annum. I wish for no more. Indeed, if at any period of my life, I knew what contentment was, it is at the present. I enjoy a tranquillity of mind which makes every object around me pleasing. I ought to mention with gratitude, that my good fortune has been principally owing to the exertions of some friends. Among these, Mr. Jo. Laughton stands the first, Mr. Minot's family, Mr. Shrimpton Hutchinson, Dr. Bulfinch, and

several others have pushed my interest with a zeal, which I trust I shall never forget. In the warmth of their friendship, they have procured for me the offer of the 5th of March Oration, an offer, which my regard for your situation, and my coldness in politicks, obliged me to refuse. Excuse my writing so particularly about myself. I hope as a parent, you will pardon it.

In a letter to his sister Lois, afterward Mrs. Davis, Mr. Freeman wrote thus :—

DEC. 27, 1782.

The first time I preached at the Chapel, the church was opened with some degree of splendor. There was an anthem and other pieces of music exceedingly beautiful. The audience was immense, and of such a kind as to overpower all confidence. I felt the weight of it most sensibly. On Christmas day I had another trial of the same kind to pass through. The exertions I am obliged to make on such occasions, keep my mind in a continual agitation. There is a pain attending it, but there is also a pleasure.

At this time he was living "in the family of his friend, Mr. Minot, where he remained till" his own marriage, "in 1788, to Mrs. Martha Clarke, daughter of Obadiah Curtis, of Newton, and widow of Samuel Clarke, of Boston. There were no children by this marriage, but he always treated with paternal affection and care the son and grandchildren of his wife." \*

On April 21, 1783, Mr. Freeman was chosen pastor of the church. The following, letter to his father, will give light on the state of things at this time :—

*Hon'd Sir, —*

BOSTON, Aug't 2d, 1783.

. . . From the directions of your letters, . . . you seem not to be perfectly acquainted with the nature of my situation at the Chapel. I am settled but not ordained ; consequently am only a lay preacher. It has been usual in some small Episcopal churches in this state, when the people have not been able to procure or maintain a clergyman, to hire a person to read some parts of the liturgy and a printed sermon to them. I was invited at first by the proprietors of the Chapel in that capacity ; and all good high churchmen supposed, that I should conduct as all other lay readers

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\* The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., to whom I am much indebted for many of the letters quoted, is one of these grandchildren.

do, and not presume to usurp upon any of the prerogatives of a priest. But this is the age, and America the country, of innovations. Instead of being confined to the desk, to read merely, I have been obliged by my parishioners to exercise all the functions of a clergyman, except that of reading the absolution, administering the two ordinances, and marrying. In order that I should be enabled to perform these, it is necessary that I should obtain orders. Many plans for this purpose have been proposed, but none yet settled. To go to England for them would be pleasant enough, but base and servile for a free republican. Besides, the English government would not dispense with the oaths of supremacy, &c. ; and no American would be allowed to take them. Some have proposed to found bishopsees in America ; but such a plan is very unpopular. For my own part, I could wish that Presbyterian ordination might be adopted. The bishops, in my opinion, are a useless, and in this country they would be a pernicious order of men. I like the liturgy of the Church of England, but am fond of independent form of ecclesiastical government. The New England churches are upon the best establishment in the world. The clergy are in them a respectable, but not a powerful body. They live decently ; but are not, as they ought not to be, possessed of enormous wealth. I am endeavoring, in private, to bring the Proprietors of the Chapel to this opinion ; and meet with some success. In entering into the Church of England, I had no design to adopt all their tenets. Some of them, I believe, to be absurd. The idea, in particular, of an uninterrupted succession of bishops from the apostles to the present day, is extravagant and ridiculous.

BOSTON, 4th Sept'r, 1783.

. . . I am settled at the Chapel upon a Salary of £200 a year, but am not ordained : consequently have no claim to the addition of Reverend. The situation is novel ; but I have given some account of it in my other letters. If you direct to plain Mr. James Freeman without any other direction, your letters will find me.

Soon after this time, Mr. Freeman began to feel scruples concerning those parts of the service which expressed or implied a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. As he said, long after, "There was a certain concealment practised before about the Trinity. Fisher (of Salem) has a singular way of satisfying his conscience. He was asked how he could read the Athanasian creed when he did not believe it. He replied

'I read it, as if I did not believe it.' These are poor shifts. Mr. Pyle being directed by his Bishop to read it did so, saying, 'I am directed to read this, which is said to have been the creed of St. Athanasius, but God forbid that it should be yours or mine.' Another man had set it to a hunting tune and sang it. These, I think, would hardly satisfy the conscience of a truth-loving man." Nothing could have been more remote from his own character.

To the growing clearness in Mr. Freeman's opinions on this doctrine, various circumstances probably contributed. First, it was in the very air of the times and the place, as is shown by the way that similar opinions spread in Boston a little later. And then, the favorite authors whose writings he was reading,—particularly Dr. Priestley, of whom he was a life-long admirer,—were strongly anti-trinitarian. His friendly relations also with the Rev. William Hazlitt, an English Unitarian minister, who visited Boston in the autumn of 1784, doubtless had a considerable influence on his mind. Mr. Hazlitt was the father of William Hazlitt, the essayist, who was with him here, a boy seven or eight years old, and who has given a pleasing sketch of him in his paper entitled, "My First Acquaintance with Poets." "My father's life," he says, "was comparatively a dream; but it was a dream of infinity and eternity, of death, the resurrection, and a judgment to come." A grandson, William Carew Hazlitt, in his memoir of the essayist, states that this minister (who came to Boston to preach to a congregation here, but was prevented from obtaining a settlement by the report of his heterodox opinions) "founded the first Unitarian church in Boston." It is possible that there may be the grain of truth in this statement, that Mr. Freeman was helped toward his settled conviction by this Anglo-Irish friend's brilliant conversation.

One incident in their intercourse is recorded in "The Monthly Repository," an English Unitarian publication. Mr. Hazlitt was at a meeting of the Boston Association, May 15, 1784, at Dr. Chauncey's. "Ordination happened to be the general subject of discourse. After the different gentlemen

had severally delivered their opinions, the stranger was requested to declare his sentiments; who unhesitatingly replied that the people, or the congregation, who chose any man to be their Minister were his proper ordainers. Mr. Freeman, upon hearing this, jumped from his seat in a kind of transport, saying, 'I wish you could prove that, Sir.' The gentleman answered that 'few things would admit of an easier proof,' and from that moment a thorough intimacy commenced between him and Mr. F. . . . This object being pursued with great deliberation, the ordination of Mr. Freeman by his congregation did not take place before the end of the year 1787; and this congregation is now as flourishing since it has learned to say 'sumpsimus' as it has formerly been under its old 'mumpsimus.'"

Mr. Freeman, says Dr. Greenwood, "became more and more convinced that the doctrine of the Trinity was unscriptural and untrue, and more and more uneasy in reading passages of solemn devotion in which it was assumed as a Christian truth. It was a season of great mental trial. . . . He communicated his difficulties to those of his friends with whom he was most intimate. He would come into their houses, and say, 'I must leave you. Much as I love you, I must leave you. I cannot conscientiously perform the service of the church any longer as it now stands.' But this little remnant of Episcopalians loved him, as well as he them, and did not wish to let him go. At length it was suggested to him, 'Why not state your difficulties, and the grounds of them, publicly to your whole people, that they may be able to judge of the case, and determine whether it is such as to require a separation between you and them, or not?' The suggestion was adopted. He preached a series of sermons in which he plainly stated his dissatisfaction with the trinitarian portion of the Liturgy, went fully into an examination of the trinitarian doctrine, and gave his reasons for rejecting it. He has himself assured me that when he delivered those sermons, he was under a strong impression that thy would be the last he should ever pronounce from this pulpit. . . . But he was heard patiently, attentively, kindly. The greater part of his

hearers responded to his sentiments, and resolved to alter their Liturgy and retain their pastor.

. . . "Thus did Mr. Freeman, by following the dictates of his reason and conscience, become the first preacher in this country of what he held to be a purified Christian faith; and thus, through the means of his mental integrity and powers of exposition, did the First Episcopal Church in New England become the First Unitarian Church in the New World.

"I mention this," continues Dr. Greenwood, "not as a matter of boasting, but as an historical fact. He, our departed father, never boasted of it, or indeed of anything which he ever did or helped to do; and at that time the change in doctrine and service which was effected was not certainly regarded by pastor or people as a subject of triumph, but of serious and arduous duty. . . .

"It may be said that his peculiar relation to the Unitarian Christianity of this country is the fruit of circumstances alone. . . . The young reader at K.C. was surely placed in peculiar circumstances. It is his praise that he made a right and manly use of them; that he did not smother his convictions and hush down his conscience, and endeavor to explain away to himself, for the sake of a little false and outward peace, the obvious sense of the prayers which he uttered before God and his people, but took that other and far better course of explicitness and honesty. By this proper use of circumstances, he placed himself where he now stands in our religious history."

Forty years after, Dr. Freeman himself gave the following account of the course of these events:—

"About the close of the year 1784, when the established Church of England no longer existed in the United States, and there was no King, nor Bishop, nor spiritual court in the land to interdict freedom of inquiry, but every individual Christian, and every congregation, could unless they violated the civil laws, do what was right in their own eyes, a Liturgy was prepared by a committee of the Church, from the Book of Common Prayer.

"From the beginning of my ministry, when I was reading the Book of Common Prayer, I omitted certain parts of the service,—

The Absolution, — the Prayer for the King's Majesty, the Prayer for the Royal Family, — the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament, and the Creed of St. Athanasius. Afterwards, when I became fully convinced, that the Athanasian faith was not agreeable to the word of God, I omitted or changed certain parts of the Liturgy which I could not conscientiously read, even before the new edition of the Prayer Book was completed.

"The first step in the alteration of the Book of Common Prayer was a sermon delivered from the pulpit Nov. 14th, 1784. It was not written without previous thought ; and like other human beings who are disposed to speak on subjects which occupy their minds, the preacher had thrown out his thoughts in words, when he was conversing with his intimate friends. But there was no plan laid by them or by him, and nothing like a plot. One event succeeded another with the utmost simplicity ; and in a *short* time, if measured by months, but a *considerable* time, if measured by days, a new edition of the Prayer Book, with alterations, was printed, and introduced into the church.

"This Liturgy contradicts no doctrine whatever of the English Church ; and in particular, not its essential and fundamental doctrine, — that the Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation, and whatever is not read therein, nor can be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

The society, however, by no means forgot the fact that he was not yet an ordained clergyman. Ordination, indeed, in the English Church he could not have as an American citizen, — as indicated by his letter already quoted ; but now Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, after many tribulations having obtained consecration in Scotland, had reached these shores. He had done this on the motion of the Connecticut Episcopalians alone, for the American Episcopal Church was still but imperfectly organized ; and it was still uncertain whether his Scottish orders would be recognized as valid by the Episcopalians outside of Connecticut. But uncertain though this might be, here was the first opening for regular ordination which had presented itself ; and to this accordingly the church addressed itself as follows : —



TO THE RIGHT REV'D SAMUEL BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF CONNECTICUT:

BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1785.

*Right Reverend Father,* —

In behalf of the Wardens and Vestry and other Proprietors of the Episcopal Chapel Church in Boston, We have the Honor to address you on a Subject they think of the utmost Importance to their spiritual Welfare.

We have been favored with the Assistance of Mr. James Freeman as a Reader in the Church for three years past, and from the Experience we have had, in the course of that time, of his Learning and Abilities, we have unanimously made Choice of him to be our Pastoral Teacher ; his moral Character is unexceptionably fair, and we are confidently persuaded, that he has adopted the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the Rule of his Faith : As such we wish to present him to you for Ordination ; and as we are happy to learn, that the authority you are vested with is fully competent to that purpose, without compelling or requiring the Candidate to acknowledge any foreign Superior whatever, either civil or ecclesiastical, you will suffer us to hope, that you will not consider it an indispensable Condition *in this Country* that he should be obliged to confess or subscribe any *particular doctrinal* system of Faith whatever. And as we are earnestly desirous to preserve the Character of our Episcopal Church, and are determined that Necessity alone shall induce us to adopt any other mode of ordination than is established by that Church provided it can be done without sacrificing our religious Sentiments, We hope and desire that you will require of the Candidate no other than a *general* declaration of *Faith in the Holy Scriptures*, leaving him, and those under his pastoral Care, in *Creeds* and all *doctrinal Questions* to God and their Consciences.

We should hold ourselves much obliged to you to give as speedy an Answer to our Request as possible, in the meantime

We have the Honor, with all possible respect to subscribe, ourselves, in behalf of the Church, Right Rev'd Father

Your most devoted and obed. Servts.

Meantime on Feb. 20, 1785, a committee of seven beside the Wardens was appointed to report such alterations as were deemed necessary in the Liturgy. The alterations were reported in general conformity with those made in the amended Liturgy of Dr. Samuel Clarke, and on June 19, 1785, — four months before the first partial meeting of a General Conven-

tion of the American Episcopal churches,—the proprietors voted, twenty to seven, “that the Common Prayer, as it now stands amended, be adopted by this church, as the form of prayer to be used in future by this church and congregation.”

Just before this decisive vote, Mr. Freeman wrote thus to his father in Quebec:—

*Hon'd Sir, —*

BOSTON, 1st June, 1785.

. . . I enclose a few sheets of a reformed prayer book which is now printing in town for the use of the church at which I officiate. About seven months ago, having previously secured a majority of my congregation, and having received encouragement from Dr. Chauncey and others of the dissenting Clergy, I attempted to introduce an alteration into the Church of England liturgy, and have so far succeeded that the church have voted to make use of the reformed prayers for six weeks and to print them. The alterations are principally made according to a plan first suggested by Dr. Clarke and lately improved by Mr. Lindsey. What I send will make you sufficiently acquainted with the principles upon which we have proceeded. You will perceive that the Athanasian creed is omitted, and in general everything which is disputable. The Nicene creed and the thirty-nine articles are also left out; the baptismal service is made almost entirely new, and the communion, burial, and other services corrected in many particulars. The reformation is not so perfect as I could wish; but much is done, and more than I ever expected. In two or three weeks from this time the church will finally pass the vote, whether they will adopt the alterations or not. I flatter myself the decision will be favorable, for out of about ninety families of which the congregation consists, fifteen only are opposed to the reformation. Should the vote pass in the negative, I shall be under the necessity of resigning my living. Though such an event would be disagreeable, yet it would not deprive me of business; for by the assistance of the clergy in town, most of whom have promised to support me, I should meet with no difficulty in procuring a parish among the Congregationalists. . . .

“Before such a form was offered, however, the proprietors had taken measures to ascertain who properly belonged to the church as pewholders, and what pews had been forfeited by the absence of their former holders, according to the let-

ter of their deeds. And in order that no ground of complaint should be suffered to exist, the proprietors engaged to pay for every vacated pew, *although legally forfeited*, the sum of £16 to its former owner, if application were made for the same within one year from the passing of the vote, which was on Jan. 10, 1785. Twenty-nine pews were thus found to be forfeited to the church, and, with the Governor's pew and eight others, making thirty-eight in all, were put to sale,—the proceeds to be devoted 'to the repairing of the church, and finishing the colonnade and spire.' They were chiefly sold to the occupants of the pews, new attendants on the society, who were glad to purchase them."

The Liturgy, now printed for use, was in all essential respects the same as at present. But, though it "excluded all recognition of the doctrine of the Trinity, as being erroneous and unscriptural, the congregation still continued to regard themselves as Episcopalians, and desired to remain in connection, if possible," with the other American Episcopal churches.

In compliance with their wish, Mr. Freeman now made personal application to Bishops Seabury, of Connecticut, and Provost, of New York,—of which he wrote the following account to his father. It illustrates both his own spirit and the state of opinion at the time.

OCT. 31, 1786.

My visit to Bishop Seabury terminated as I expected. Before I waited upon him, he gave out that he never would ordain me, but it was necessary to ask the question. He being in Boston last March, a committee of our church waited upon him, and requested him to ordain me, without insisting upon any other conditions than a declaration of faith in the Holy Scriptures. He replied, that, as the case was unusual, it was necessary for him to consult his presbyters,—the Episcopal clergy in Connecticut. Accordingly, about the beginning of June, I rode to Stratford, where a convention was holding, carrying with me several letters of recommendation. I waited upon the Bishop's presbyters, and delivered my letters. They professed themselves satisfied with the testimonials which they contained of my moral character, &c., but added that they could not recommend me to the Bishop for ordination upon the

terms proposed by my church. For a man to subscribe the Scriptures, they said, was nothing; for it could never be determined from that what his creed was. Hereticks professed to believe them not less than the orthodox, and made use of them in support of their peculiar opinions. If I would subscribe to such a declaration as that I could conscientiously read the whole of the Book of Common Prayer, they would cheerfully recommend me. I answered that I could not conscientiously subscribe a declaration of that kind. "Why not?"—"Because there are some parts of the Book of Common Prayer which I do not approve."—"What parts?"—"The prayers to the Son and the Holy Spirit."—"You do not then believe the doctrine of the Trinity?"—"No."—"This appears to us very strange. We can think of no texts which countenance your opinion. We should be glad to hear you mention some."—"It would ill become me, Gentlemen, to dispute with persons of your learning and abilities. But if you will give me leave, I will repeat two passages which appear to me decisive: *There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. There is but one God, the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ.* In both these passages Jesus Christ is plainly distinguished from God, and in the last, God is expressly declared to be the Father." To this they made no other reply than an "Ah!" which echoed round the room. "But are not all the attributes of the Father," said one, "attributed to the Son in the Scriptures? Is not omnipotence for instance?" "It is true," I answered, "that our Saviour says of Himself, *All power is given unto me, in Heaven and Earth.* You will please to observe here that the power is said to be *given*. It is a derived power. It is not self-existent and unoriginated, like that of the Father."—"But is not the Son omniscient? Does he not know the hearts of men?"—"Yes, He knows them by virtue of that intelligence which he derives from the Father; but, by a like communication, did Peter know the hearts of Ananias and Sapphira." After some more conversation of the same kind, they told me that it could not possibly be that the Christian world should have been idolaters for seventeen hundred years, as they must be according to my opinions. In answer to this, I said that whether they had been idolaters or not I would not determine, but that it was full as probable that they should be idolaters for seventeen hundred years as that they should be Roman Catholics for twelve hundred. They then proceeded to find fault with some part of the new Liturgy. "We observe that you have

converted the absolution into a prayer. Do you mean by that to deny the power of the Priesthood to absolve the people, and that God has committed to it the power of remitting sins?" — "I meant neither to deny nor to affirm it. The absolution appeared exceptionable to some persons, for which reason it was changed into a prayer, which could be exceptionable to nobody." — "But you must be sensible, Mr. Freeman, that Christ instituted an order of priesthood, and that to them he committed the power of absolving sins. *Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto him, and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained.*" To this I made no reply than a return of their own emphatic *Ah!* Upon the whole, finding me an incorrigible heretick, they dismissed me without granting my request. They treated me, however, with great candor and politeness, begging me to go home, to read, to alter my opinions, and then to return and receive the ordination which they wished to procure me from the Bishop. I left them and proceeded to New York. When there I waited on Mr. Provost, rector of the Episcopal Church, who is elected to go to England to be consecrated a Bishop. I found him a liberal man, and that he approved of the alterations which had been made at the Chapel. Of him I hope to obtain ordination, which I am convinced he will cheerfully confer, unless prevented by the bigotry of some of his clergy. The Episcopal ministers in New York, and in the Southern States, are not such high churchmen as those in Connecticut. The latter approach very near to Roman Catholics, or at least equal Bishop Laud and his followers. Should Provost refuse to ordain me, I shall then endeavor to effect a plan which I have long had in my head, which is to be ordained by the Congregational ministers of this town, or to preach and administer the ordinances without any ordination. The last scheme I most approve; for I am fully convinced that he who has devoted his time to the study of divinity, and can find a congregation who are willing to hear him, is, to all intents, a minister of the gospel; and that, though imposition of hands, either of bishops or presbyters, be necessary to constitute him priest in the eye of the law, in some countries, yet that, in the eye of heaven, he has not less of the indelible character than a bishop or a patriarch. Our manly ancestors, who, however wrong they might be in some particulars, were in general sensible and judicious men, were of this opinion. One of the articles of the Cambridge platform is, That the call of the congregation only constitutes a man a minister, and that imposition of hands by bishops

or elders is a mere form, which is by no means essential. The same sentiments are adopted by the most rational clergy in the present day, who give up the necessity of Ordination as indefensible, and ridicule the doctrine of the uninterrupted succession as a mere chimera. I am happy to find many of my hearers join with me in opinion upon this subject.

Yet another effort, however, they were determined to make in this matter, and accordingly, on July 29, 1787, authorized the Wardens to send Bishop Provost a letter on the subject, from which the following sentences are taken :—

“This gentleman has made several attempts to procure ordination, but he has not yet been so happy as to obtain it, for a declaration is required of him, which we know he cannot in conscience subscribe, and which we do not wish him to make. By our desire he has written to you on the subject, requesting that a relaxation may be made in the articles of subscription. You have been pleased to refer him to the general convention. It appears from your last letter to him that that body will not probably sit very soon. From our attachment to the Episcopal Church, and from our desire to promote its interest, we should be disposed to wait the determination of the convention, could we be assured that it would probably meet our ideas. We therefore request that you would have the goodness to give us your opinion on the subject. We have long been deprived of the benefit of the ordinances of religion, and we feel the inconvenience, but we would consent to forego the advantages of them until the meeting of the convention, if you could encourage us with any hope that the American Church will acknowledge us as brethren, and agree to the ordination of our minister, upon terms to which we can submit. We flatter ourselves that to a gentleman of your well-known liberality we shall not appear presumptuous when we say that those terms which are agreeable to us are reasonable, for it is our fullest determination sacredly to adhere to what we conceive to be the doctrines of Scripture, at the same time that we endeavor to promote the honor and welfare of the Episcopal Church. From information which we have received, we have reason to fear that our church has been misrepresented by our enemies to the Episcopal clergy of the Southern States. It has been suggested, we are told, that we are already dissatisfied with the new Liturgy which we have adopted, that we do not wish that our minister should obtain ordination, but

are anxious to return to the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. We assure you with the utmost sincerity that there is no ground for these insinuations. We are extremely desirous to procure ordination for Mr. Freeman ; but while we make use of all proper and decent methods to obtain it, we are religiously resolved to persevere in adhering to the spirit of a form of prayer which we are convinced is rational and scriptural.

"By the terms of the ordination which Mr. Montague, Minister of Christ's Church in this town, has received of the Right Rev. Bishop White, we find he has only subscribed a declaration of faith in the Holy Scriptures, and a solemn engagement to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Massachusetts ; in this State no doctrines or form of worship are yet established.

"Has not our church therefore as good a claim to style itself the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts as any other? We beg leave humbly to inquire, whether it is not in your power to ordain Mr. Freeman on the same conditions as Mr. Montague? We are willing that he should make the same subscription, provided that he might be allowed to declare that he conceives his own church to be one of the Protestant Episcopal churches of the State of Massachusetts, and might be allowed to use the Liturgy of this church."

This application, however, as may be supposed, was likewise unavailing. And now the congregation, though reluctantly and slowly, approached the alternative of ordaining their minister themselves. In the following autumn, at a parish meeting, a committee which had been appointed to draw up a plan of ordination, presented such a plan, which was adopted, as will appear from the account of the event which will presently be given from the Records of the Church. The plan was accompanied by an able paper in defence of it, from which the following passages are extracted : —

... "What can be done? The members of the church must either comply with the terms of the Bishop, which the love of truth forbids, or they must remain in their present unorganized state, or finally they must agree to some other mode of ordination the least exceptionable, and best accommodated to the necessity of the case.

"There are only two modes of ordination besides the episcopal —



the one now proposed and the presbyterian. The latter has been mentioned and warmly recommended by some friends of this church; and there is no doubt it can easily be procured. But it is liable to many exceptions in our case. It is sufficient to observe, that it is not accommodated to the sentiments and habits of some of the old proprietors of King's Chapel, and might perhaps be an effectual bar to obtaining Episcopal ordination at some future day, an event which notwithstanding any steps which may be now taken, is still ardently desired. The only remaining plan therefore is ordination by the Church as now proposed.

"That the Church has lawful authority to ordain, the Wardens and Vestry believe cannot be disputed. For what is lawful authority? It is that right which every individual has to conduct in conformity to the laws of the land, and which every corporate society has to make rules and orders for their own regulation, not repugnant to the general laws of the Legislature of the State under which they are formed. It follows therefore of course that the members of this society, provided they violate no law of the land may do what they think proper; and there is no law of the land known, which forbids any congregation of Christians to ordain a minister in what way they please.

"By the canons of the Church of England, no alteration can be made in the service or discipline of the Church without lawful authority; but that lawful authority is not the authority of Bishops and Priests, or, in other words ecclesiastical authority, but is of the King and Parliament.

... "In this country, as the church is unconnected with the State, the true successors of the King and Parliament in ecclesiastical matters are the People. Whatever therefore the King and Parliament may lawfully do in this respect in England, the people or any body of them incorporated by the Legislature may lawfully do here.

... "The question is, whether this kind of ordination be authorized by the Scriptures and justified by the practice of Christians. The question so far as it relates to the Scriptures cannot easily be determined. Some of the first Christians were ordained, i.e., appointed to preach by the Apostles; but whether they were endued with any sacerdotal character or not we cannot tell. St. Paul indeed allowed all Corinthians, whether ordained or not, to preach in their turns. 'Ye may all prophecy,' says he, 'i.e., preach, one by one.' It cannot be supposed that every member of the Corinthian church was a Clergyman. We have no proof from the Scriptures that the

administration of the Lord's Supper was confined to priests episcopally ordained: on the contrary, we are told that all the first Christians 'broke bread from house to house.' It is confessed that a distinction between Clergy and Laity very early took place in the church. . . . But in the present day the minds of Christians are more enlightened upon this subject than they were in the dark ages of the church.

. . . "For if a Clergyman must necessarily be made what he is by a Clergyman, it follows that the makers must have been made in the same manner, and the race of priests must as necessarily have been propagated by Priests as the race of men is by men. . . .

"But, . . . common sense alone is sufficient to vindicate the proposed plan of ordination in a case of necessity. . . . Jesus Christ [ordained certain ordinances], . . . ought [we] to live years without them, on account of the want of some forms which cannot be procured. . . . Is not this sacrificing their religion to shadows, and neglecting their duty because it cannot be performed exactly in the way to which they are accustomed?"

The following passage from the Records of King's Chapel completes the narrative of the proceedings of the church in the case:—

"On Sunday, 18th November, 1787, after the Rev. Mr. Freeman had finished the reading of the Evening prayer, the Wardens joined him in the reading desk, when the Senior Warden (Thomas Bulfinch, M.D.) made a short but pertinent address to the vestrymen, proprietors and congregation, on the importance of the service in which they were now engaging.

"Brethren of the Vestry, proprietors and congregation who stately worship in this Church! At your last meeting at this place you appointed this day for the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Freeman; you then determined it by a vote which I shall now read, to be signed by the wardens on your behalf. But as this mode of procedure may appear new and unprecedented to some of this Audience, it may not be amiss to assign a reason for adopting it.

"It is now upward of four years, since you made choice of the Rev. Mr. Freeman for your Minister, since which time you have been anxious for his ordination, that he might be empowered to administer the ordinances of the Gospel—and although you have repeatedly sought for this power, yet you have not been able to obtain it. Some hopes have been conceived from the American

Bishops, the Right Rev. Dr. Seabury, and since from the Right Rev. Dr. Provost, but that prospect being still distant, you have adopted the present mode, rather than be longer deprived of those ordinances. As the business before us is of a serious and important nature, it becomes us to begin it with a solemn address to the great Parent of mankind.'

"The first ordaining prayer was then read by the Rev. Mr. Freeman. The Senior Warden then read the ordaining vote. Viz., 'We the Wardens, Vestry, proprietors and congregation of King's Chapel, or first Episcopal church in Boston, do, by virtue of the third article in the declaration of rights, hereby solemnly elect, ordain, constitute and appoint the Rev. James Freeman of said Boston to be our Rector, Minister, Public Teacher, Priest, Pastor and teaching Elder, to preach the word of God, and to dispense lessons and instructions in piety, religion and morality; and to minister the holy sacraments in the congregation; and to do, perform and discharge all the other duties and offices, which of right belong to any other Rector, minister, public teacher, Pastor, teaching elder, or Priest in orders.'

"And it is hereby understood and intended, that the authority and rights hereby given to the said James Freeman, to be our Rector, Minister, Public Teacher, Priest, teaching Elder and Pastor, are to remain in full force so long as he shall continue to preach the word of God, and dispense instructions in piety, religion and morality, conformably to our opinions and sentiments of the holy scriptures, and no longer; and that our judgment of his not conforming to our religious sentiments and opinions, shall be ascertained by the votes of three-fourths of the wardens and vestry, and of three-fourths of the proprietors usually worshipping in said church separately and individually taken.'

"Brethren! if this vote be agreeable to your minds, if you readily and cheerfully adopt it, if you mean to convey all the powers expressed in it — please to signify it.'

"In token of their unanimous approbation, the proprietors lifted up their right hands.

"If it is your desire that the said vote be now signed by the wardens in your behalf, please to signify it.'

"The Proprietors, as before, unanimously lifted up their right hands. The Senior Warden then addressing Mr. Freeman, said, 'Rev'd Sir: it appears by the vote in favor of your ordination that you are lawfully chosen — it is expected that you now declare your

acceptance of the choice.' Mr. Freeman then read and presented to the Senior Warden the following subscribed by him. Viz., —

"To the Wardens, Vestry, proprietors and congregation of the Chapel or first Episcopal church in Boston. Brethren, with cheerfulness and gratitude I accept your election and ordination which I believe to be valid and Apostolick, and I pray God to enable me to preach the word, and to administer the ordinances of religion in such a manner as that I may promote his glory, the honour of the Redeemer and your spiritual edification.

"JAMES FREEMAN."

"The Senior Warden then delivered to Mr. Freeman a copy of the ordaining vote signed by the Wardens, and laying his hand on Mr. Freeman, said, 'I do then as Senior Warden of this church, by virtue of the authority delegated to me, in the presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, declare you, the Rev. James Freeman, to be the Rector, Minister, Priest, Pastor, public Teacher, and teaching Elder of this Episcopal church; — in testimony whereof I deliver you this book (delivering him a Bible) containing the holy oracles of Almighty God, enjoining a due observance of all the precepts contained therein, particularly those which respect the duty and office of a Minister of Jesus Christ. — And the Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace now and forevermore.' The whole Assembly as one man, spontaneously and emphatically pronounced Amen.

"The Rev. Mr. Freeman then read the second ordaining prayer, and after an Anthem was sung by the choir, preached on the duties and offices of a Christian Minister. Another Anthem then closed the Evening service."

Mr. Freeman soon wrote to his father, thus: —

*Hon'd Sir, —*

BOSTON, 7th Feb'y, 1788.

... As you seem to be very anxious that I should be an ordained minister, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I now inform you, that the ceremony has been performed. You may remember that I wrote some time ago, that it was my wish to be ordained by my own people. This object I was determined to procure, if possible: for I have long considered the claims of clergymen to peculiar sacerdotal powers as superstitious in the highest degree, and an usurpation upon the rights of the laity. My congregation however were in general opposed to my ideas: but I hoped that time and reason would bring them over to my sentiments. I resolved to spare no

exertion ; and I have, by the blessing of God, a persevering, or, what my enemies are pleased to call, an obstinate mind.

After being refused ordination by the Bishops Seabury and Provost, at which refusal I inwardly rejoiced, the Wardens and Vestry of the Chapel had several meetings upon the subject. At length, in consequence of a paper containing a plan and reasons which I laid before them, they unanimously voted to ordain me themselves. As this paper is very long, I have it not in my power to send it to you ; but I enclose an abridgement of it. The Congregation approved the vote of the Vestry, and it was resolved that Sunday the 18th of Nov'r should be the day of ordination.

Accordingly, on that day, after evening prayer, the Church Wardens came into the reading desk, and having placed me between them the senior Warden introduced the solemnity by a short address to the congregation. . . . [Here follows a briefer account than in the Church records.] . . . This mode of ordination, though it may perhaps appear unprecedented to you, is conformable to the New England Platform which was published in the year 1648, and by which the Congregational Churches in this state profess to be governed. In that Platform it is said, —

“Church officers are not only to be chosen by the Church, but also to be ordained by imposition of hands and prayer. This ordination we account nothing else, but the solemn putting a man into his place and office in the Church, whereunto he had right before by election ; being like the installing of a magistrate in the Commonwealth.

“In such Churches where there are elders, imposition of hands in ordination is to be performed by those elders.

“In such Churches when there are no elders, imposition of hands may be performed by some of the brethren orderly chosen by the Church thereunto. For if the people may elect officers, which is the greater, and wherein the substances of the office doth consist, they may much more (occasion and need so requiring) impose hands in ordination, which is less, and but the accomplishment of the other.”

Since my ordination, my Church has increased. It has occasioned however two protests ; one by several proprietors who have left the Church on account of the alteration in the Liturgy. This has not done me the least injury. The other protest is by six Episcopal clergymen. In order to manifest my contempt of it, I published it in one of our newspapers. . . . The signers have

been held up in the newspapers as the object of public derision ; and I believe all of them now most bitterly repent that they ever put their names to it. Some of them have acknowledged that they did it against their will, but that they were persuaded and threatened into the measure by Mr. P——, of Boston, who has long persecuted me, but over whom I have now obtained a complete triumph.

All the Congregational ministers in Boston have on this occasion treated me with great friendship. I have received numerous congratulations from men of the first abilities in the state. Judge Cushing in particular has publicly declared from the bench that such an ordination as mine is valid and constitutional. And what is of more importance, the Convention of Massachusetts who have assembled for the purpose of ratifying the constitution proposed by the federal Convention, have acknowledged me to be an ordained minister, by inviting me to officiate in my turn as their chaplain, with the other ministers of Boston. . . .

*Honoured Sir, —*

BOSTON, 30th Aug't, 1788.

. . . I am happy to find that the mode in which I was ordained meets your approbation ; . . . It was indeed a bold stroke ; but it succeeded beyond expectation. I now consider myself as settled upon so firm a basis, that I cannot be shaken. Every murmur of censure has long since died away ; and the publick, as well as my friends, view me as a regularly ordained minister. I have only one purpose more to accomplish, which is to exchange with the Congregational ministers in town. I joined their association several years ago, which is a leading step ; and I have lately had Mr. Isaac Smith, an unsettled minister, I think an old friend of yours, to preach for me. Mr. Hitchcock and several others have promised to do the same. My wish is to destroy the party distinctions which exist between Churchmen and Dissenters, as they are called, though they are no dissenters in this country. And I believe I shall effect my design. I have now a very liberal congregation. Indeed almost all the religious societies in Boston are remarkably catholic. The several sects live together in the utmost harmony ; the consequence of our increasing knowledge, and the free constitution of government under which we have the happiness to live. . . .

An account of the protest by the seceding minority of proprietors of King's Chapel, and of the "excommunication" (as it was termed at the time) by six Episcopal clergymen, of

Mr. Freeman and his congregation, is contained in Dr. Greenwood's "History of King's Chapel," to which I am compelled to refer the reader, by the limits of space to which this article is necessarily confined. The controversy excited great public interest at the time, and considerably strengthened Mr. Freeman in his position, as is indicated by his reference to it in the first of the letters just quoted.

It will be sufficiently evident that the ground of both minister and people was now firmly taken; and this is yet further shown by the following extract from a letter which Mr. Freeman wrote to his English Unitarian correspondent, Mr. Lindsey, Oct. 15, 1788:—

"If any prejudices remained upon the minds of my people in favor of Episcopal ordination, what you say in your book, the *Vindiciæ Priestleianæ*, would effectually remove them. But they are already cured of all prepossessions of that nature. I mentioned, in a former letter, that Bishop Seabury had ordained a priest in Boston. The members of my congregation in general attended. They were so shocked with the service, particularly with that part where the bishop pretends to communicate the Holy Ghost and the power of forgiving sins, which he accompanied with the action of breathing on the candidate, that they now congratulate me upon having escaped what they consider as little short of blasphemy. Few of them had ever read, or at least attentively considered, the ordination service. Since they have heard it, I have frequently been seriously asked by them, whether I would have submitted to so absurd a form. I confess I am convinced I should have acted wrong if I had done it. I shudder when I reflect to what moral danger I exposed myself in soliciting ordination of the American bishops, for I certainly never believed that they had the power of conveying the Holy Spirit."\*

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\* A characteristic anecdote is related, showing Bishop Seabury's relations with old-fashioned Connecticut Congregationalism. Soon after his return he wrote to Dr. Stiles, of Yale College, that he meant to be at commencement, and he "hoped he should be received with proper distinction, and that his precedency would be allowed in the place allotted to him."

To which President Stiles answered that "they should be very glad to see Bishop Seabury, but that he could not promise him any such



So ends the first chapter of this bit of New England ecclesiastical annals. The story is not, indeed, fully told without some account of the relation in which the church and its minister, who thus early took this open and obnoxious position, stood to the "Unitarian movement" which, thirty years later, convulsed the Massachusetts churches. But that story must be left, perhaps for some other occasion. How these events in his early manhood appeared to the principal actor in them after the lapse of a long life, will sufficiently appear from the following testimony. In the document, written after a lapse of forty years, which has been already quoted above, Dr. Freeman wrote :—

"The alterations made in the Book of Common Prayer were not intended by ourselves, in whatever light they might be viewed by others, as a publick manifestation of dissent and secession from the Church of England or any other church. The Church of England had expired amidst the flames of the Revolution ; but we expected, or at least hoped, that a new and more beautiful Church would arise from its ashes, an American Protestant Episcopal Church, which should be purified from all the puerilities, superstitions and corruptions of the old establishment. We wished to become a part of this Church, and even of one which was less pure, provided we might be allowed to omit those parts of the Liturgy, which we could not conscientiously read. After the protest of Messrs. Parker, Montague and others ; and after such excellent and wise men as Bishop White and Provost had suffered the opportunity which presented itself, to pass by, of making a more thorough reformation in the Liturgy, our expectations became cold, and our hope was nearly extinct. We do not now suppose, that any concessions will be made to us. But I am ready to say for myself, though I confess that the declaration of a man just sinking into the grave is not of much importance, that I am still willing to join the American Episcopal Church, and to do all I can to promote its honour, provided I can be admitted on my own terms. For public devotion I regard forms of prayer as more decent, more edifying to the con-

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mark of distinction as he expected. One thing, however, he could engage for and would assure him of, that he would meet with one hundred and ninety-one as good bishops as himself."

gregation, and as less subject to abuse, than prayers made extempore. I have no objection to placing myself under a Bishop, if he is allowed to be, what he is in fact in this country, nothing more than the first man among his equals, a standing Moderator or President of the Church, who by his prudence, moderation, kindness, and piety diffuses around him the spirit of religion, and preserves order and peace among his presbyters and the congregations with which they are connected; and who by his learning, talents, and dignity of behaviour, is an ornament to his station, and an honour to the Church of which he is the overseer.

"I regard the Church of England and the American Protestant Episcopal Church as essentially different Churches. . . . That they differ materially must be evident to any one who compares together the liturgies of these two ecclesiastical bodies. They differ particularly in this point, that in the United States there is no supreme head of the Church, unless it should be the people; but that in England the supreme head of the Church is the king, to whom all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are obliged to take an oath of supremacy at the time of their consecration or ordination."

NOTE. — The writer desires to express his indebtedness to Dr. Greenwood's Funeral Sermon on Dr. Freeman, and to the article upon Dr. Freeman, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., in Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, vol. viii., — and more especially to Dr. Clarke for a considerable portion of the original manuscript material quoted in the foregoing paper.

## OUR POSSESSIONS.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY, OF VIRGINIA.

I HAD a negro nurse who was very fond of hymns. I can almost fancy I see her dusky outlines now, in the dusk of the twilight, as she sat over the embers and coals singing, in an undertone, of the land, —

"Where our possessions lie,"

Until the dark seemed a-glimmer with its gold and peace. Possessed of very little here, but of all things there. And very often this same line sings itself, — "the phantom of a silent song," — until I begin to wonder about these possessions of our souls. Glories ineffable they will be, I know, "sweet fields of living

green," visions of light, beatitudes, "which it hath not entered the mind of man to conceive;" but among all these, will not some of our possessions be familiar, not alien even, to our life here?

For nothing is annihilated on earth. It seems to me almost as if all habitable or inhabited places were haunted by man's life: as if all homes kept somewhat of human presence lingering about it. And the "conscious floor," — you remember that line in Whittier? — heaved and strained in the silence with the echoes and presence of footfalls that were gone! Did you never fancy, after your friends left you, that you heard them opening the little gate and coming down the long walk, — as perhaps they often do in their thoughts? It is a pleasant thought after all to haunt a place so with love: as a rose fills the place it has bloomed in with fragrance.

Then if even such things are not lost on earth, I think we shall not find anything missing that we would desire to retain among "our possessions" on the other side.

The fire of the old year is all gone out. We have what one might call "weather of the intellect," it is so clear and cold. All the fields are white, and the woods are silent, and veiled in a mist of snow and ice-spray. I can scarcely realize that the "tender grace of a day that is dead" will surely return to us with next summer's floating lights and soft winds. And yet it will. The perpetual moan of our race is always, —

"Oh, to bring back the days that are not!"

And no matter how busy and how bright our days may be, how full of present pleasures and present work, our nights and our dreams talk of the "unforgettable" past. If we lie awake in the silence and darkness, we soon begin to find it peopled and alive with all the faces we used to love, all the old words and looks and gestures. For nothing is really lost or remediless. With St. Peter, I believe "in the times of the restitution of all things," and by our life here, its sorrows, its gladness, its full and empty places, we are being brought ever nearer and nearer to "our own." So that when the last threshold is passed, and we have at length entered the Household of Love, to go out thence no more forever, we shall find all the old possessions, so prized and wept over here, awaiting us with their first sweetness and brightness.

Even our dreams, — for every man and nation bears a dream in his soul, — if it be pure, will "come true" in heaven. For what is paradise but the ideal made real in the infinite fullness of God's

truths and realities? Not in eternity shall we all be the same, although we shall all be beautiful with one Divine likeness. And none shall find "our Fathers" country a strange land. Little Gretchen will see there the "grünen Walder," the "goldnen Frühlingstrahl und Morgenwehn," in which the hearts of her people so delight; and the tired feet of "petite Jean" will tread among fields blooming with violets, and green with meadow-grasses, as in the spring weather, "tendre et fraiche," when he went from us. For a tenderer and a fresher spring will bloom around him there. So the Egyptian may still hear the rushing of his sacred river, and see the unfolding, leaf by leaf, of the still lotus flowers; and the little South-Sea Islander know the rustling of his island palm-trees, or the flight overhead of his snowy and scarlet-plumaged Ko'ae. For this fidelity, this love of kindred and home, and tender remembrance of beloved things, are the broken lights from the Infinite Love, that shines over dark and troubled lives. And perhaps, — with reverence I dare to wonder, — if perhaps even our dwellings here, and landscapes and types of face, shall not rather be glorified and transfigured than wholly destroyed? For all these are a part of a man's separate individuality, which is a divine gift in his creation.

My heart assures me it is true about better and higher things than these. When a child dies, — when its little body "grows a-weary of the great world," — when the light that only trembled upon our earth is drawn back to its source, to shine into infinite and far-off spaces, it is very sad for us. We feel that it is, —

"The murmur of music you miss,  
The rapture of light you forego."

But they are "gathered to their own." The only shadow of an infant's death falls behind him. The angelic faces that smile above them must have somewhat of the mother's look in their smiling; and the glittering landscapes, purple with bloom, and fresh with the dews and peace of the day-dawn, keep the old home sweetness, because of the beloved and familiar presence in them. For the angels are never strange or far-off to a little child, even here.

And have we been angry with any? Has any love grown cold? Surely this shall not be forever: but the old states of trust and affectionate delight will return to us, —

"Where our possessions lie."

What did we value more than these, or possess more truly than our

friendships and our loves? If, even now, it needs but a song, sung in the summer twilight, to fill our eyes with tender tears, and set our hearts attune with the undoubting faith of childhood, to which all things lovely and high are possible, and all wrongs may be forgiven and hidden out of sight, we will not lose them, when our only right of entrance shall be that we, too, are "forgiven."

Old and beloved things may sleep in the memory, but they never die.

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## MANLINESS IN CHRIST.

BY A. B. MUZZEY.

SOME years since a book was published, entitled "Manly Piety." This title seemed to not a few utterly incongruous: "manliness and piety, what," it is asked, "have they in common?" That one is deeply interested in religion is no evidence, it is said, of his manliness; on the contrary, it shows either that he is by nature, or has become by education or other influences, an effeminate person.

The old religions, we know, commended a manly faith and character. In the Greek language the word signifying virtue is synonymous with the term courage; and man is designated by two expressions, the first meaning man as a designation of sex, the other a man indeed, — that is, one of exalted character. And the Latin also, when it would exhort one to all that is noble and pure in conduct, says, "Act a manly part."

But Christianity is supposed to reverse all this. The true Christian is thought by many to be marked by a certain softness and weakness: he is passive, meek, and morally timid. So far as one exhibits courage and manfulness, he is regarded as living and acting in contrariety to the meek and lowly Master, and as so far forth an alien from the faith.

This impression has done, and is still doing, great damage to the cause of our religion. There is a class who are repelled by it from a profession of the Christian name before the world. The church is a peculiar institution, they affirm, suited only to the weaker sex. Why should a man enroll

himself among its members ? "The most that can be required of our sex," say such, "is to pay an external and decent respect to religion, and to attend public worship." Some go even farther than this. Said one of this description to me, "I have done going to church ; I went many years, but I never saw that it did me any good." He still kept his pew ; for he thought it well for wife and children to go to church, but it was no place for a man. He regarded it as not helping at all in the great work of perfecting his manhood. That was to him the main object of life ; and to be told that religion inculcated the meek and passive virtues alone, or to see that its effect was, not to impart courage, vigor of purpose, and force of character, but to render one effeminate and pusillanimous, only alienated him more and more from the church.

Now such conceptions of Christianity are radically erroneous. It cannot be denied that much which has been set forth in its name, has served to emasculate the human soul, teaching primarily, as it has, that Christ came into this world to do something for us, we being altogether passive. But the Bible, instead of representing Christ in this way, teaches that he came to help us do something for ourselves, to help us perform the great work assigned us by God. It is full of language exhorting us to put forth every energy of our nature. "Be strong ; show thyself a man," said the consecrated Elijah. Hear the trumpet-voice of Isaiah : "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees ; say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not ;" and throughout the New Testament we find this same inspiring strain. "Be of good courage ;" "stand fast in the faith ; quit you like men ; be strong." Its whole tone and temper are in this same direction. Christianity, instead of being a feeble and soft thing, not suited to call forth the manlier traits of character, endorses the noble truth, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city ;" he who conquers passion in its might, is "every inch a man ;" there is no hero like the Christian conqueror.

Of the same tenor are the words of Paul : "When I became a man, I put away childish things." In his Christian man-

hood, he exchanged that timidity and weakness peculiar to this feeble period, for the energy and courage of the perfect man. There is nothing puerile either in the truths of our religion or its spirit. It appeals to the robust intellect ; "in understanding be ye men." Inculcating, as it does, a maturity of thought, judgment, and purpose, it represents human life as a race to be run with the zeal, courage, and perseverance of the competitors in the Grecian and Roman games ; as a battle to be fought on to the end, in view of a crown laid up in heaven ; as a strife with principalities and powers of darkness. Who then is to affirm it is a religion fit only for the feeble minded, and unworthy the homage and service of a strong man ?

And, if in action, so in suffering, our religion calls us to quit ourselves like men. It inculcates a saintly patience, a fortitude under pain, a calmness in danger, and an unblenching serenity, even amid the pangs of martyrdom. When Latimer and Ridley were chained to the stake, side by side, the attendants brought a fagot ready kindled, and laid at the feet of Ridley. Then Latimer uttered those immortal words : "Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Where in all Pagan history are words braver than those ? To crown this high argument, I adduce the Founder himself of our holy faith. At this period of the year the large majority of the Christian world unite in abstinence from many ordinary pleasures and indulgences, following the example of Christ in his retirement and fasting and his resistance to evil for the forty days of his temptation in the wilderness. We should do well to study the force and spirit of this part of his example. In each of the three great scenes of conflict with evil there portrayed, he exhibits a majestic resoluteness of purpose. Tempted by hunger to use his extraordinary power in turning stones into bread, he spurns the enticement, with the brave utterance : "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Tempted again to cast himself from the pinnacle of the temple, and thus secure



the admiration of all beholders, he replies with a masterly firmness, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

To the last temptation, urging him to assume a crown and govern the kingdoms of the world, with the whole energy of his manhood he answers, "Get thee hence, Satan, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

But how poorly has this exalted trait in our Master been appreciated. The injustice done him, especially by the Western church, is illustrated in the works of art. The usual representations of Christ make him unmanly and feeble. He is placed before us exclusively in the attitude of a sufferer, acquiescent, meek, and of quiet endurance alone. The innocence of the lamb is made to be his all-absorbing trait. If we go back, indeed, to the oldest portraits, we find in them somewhat of a different expression. The earliest we have, that from the catacombs of St. Calixtus at Rome, gives an uplifted face and a strength of character in the eye and mouth of Christ. So that seen in the emerald intaglio of the Emperor Tiberius, although a side view, indicates force of purpose. But what shall we say of the head after Francisco de Francia, painted about the year 1500? It indicates only feeble qualities in the original, made more so by the languid attitude of one falling asleep; and the picture after Albrecht Dürer, "Christ taken from the cross," although appropriate by its perfect passivity to that sad scene, is yet too true a type of all the countless *mis*-presentations of our intrepid Leader and Commander. Nearly every great recent painter has placed him, through all the scenes of his life and ministry, in passive postures, and given him an effeminate countenance. One alone (Overbeck) has portrayed in his face force, resolution, and manliness.

Manliness, I must think, is the truest portraiture of Christ. If he was the lamb slain for sinners, he is called also in Scripture the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." Think of his courage! "Fear not them that kill the body," and can do no more, was his brave word to his disciples. The chief priests and Pharisees lay in wait to take his life; and from the beginning he foresaw that they would accomplish their object. When told,

"The Jews of late sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again?" it awakens no fear whatever. He utters his testimony calmly against them; and they seek his life more and more. At length he announces to his disciples the clear truth: "The Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill him." To Peter, who would shield him from such dangers and sufferings, he says indignantly, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And this, too, when he might have escaped unharmed; for, at the very moment of his arrest, he averred that his Father, if he but asked it, would send "legions of angels," and deliver him in safety. The usual estimate of Christ invests him only with the meek, inoffensive qualities of character; but in truth he possessed a fortitude, a courage, and a heroism never yet surpassed.

I cannot but think there is a latent force in that expression so often applied to him in the Scriptures, "the man Christ Jesus." He possessed a true manliness, — an inherent power, by which, tempted at all points as we are, and an intense sufferer, sensitive to pain, and feeling keenly the scorn of the world, he yet rose above all this, — confronted boldly priest and people: and by the majesty of his character overpowered all threats and dangers, all exposures and perils, and bravely trod beneath his feet even death, the last great enemy of man. And this trait was united too with an unexampled tenderness and gentleness of spirit: he was full of sympathy for the trials and sorrows of others.

And now, following in his steps, however short we may fall of him through error, passion, and sin, we ought to give thanks for anything in our position and circumstances that rouses us to Christian manliness. Sometimes the price we must pay for this quality is great: we must pass through scenes and sufferings from which frail nature would shrink. But this is to be our "mark and prize."

And yet, while contending for all that is manly and heroic we may never forget that Christianity combines with this a tenderness which is most womanly. The great master poet of our tongue, portraying the qualities of one eminent for his manliness, writes on: —

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, this was a man."

And in equal commendation the same poet writes of one  
as delicate and feminine as he was lion-hearted,—

"As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse."

Indeed the genius of Christianity consists in this grand comprehensiveness. It rejects no one element whatever of a good character, whether it be strong or tender. It accepts as its preachers the bold Paul and James, the Son of thunder, and the lovely John; giving a home to the sweet spirit of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and throwing its broad shield over that apostle who confronted king and priest and people with a martyr's courage.

Thus have we the model set before us: but we cannot do the work it requires alone. We are to look where Christ did for help; we must feel constantly that we are to be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." We may not lean supinely on the past. What we can do in the future—that must be our reliance and our hope. Let each victory we have won be to us a spur to still higher efforts. In the noble words of that last address of Channing, delivered at Lenox, "Let us arm ourselves with manly resolution to do or suffer, each in his own sphere, whatever may serve to prepare the way for a holier and happier day."

Reaching up to the stature of a perfect man, we must put away all undue fears: these are the childish things, which weaken the soul.

But, meantime, we must not suffer ourselves to grow selfish and hard-hearted. Thank God for all that is at the same time lovely and manly in the Captain of our salvation; emulate it in your particular walk. Be both brave and tender; so will your Christian progress be made certain. And forget not, that, to aid you in every outward work, you must wrestle all the while with the powers of self and sin in your interior man.

"There's a strife we all must wage  
From life's entrance to its close ;  
Blest the bold who dare engage ;  
Woe for him who seeks repose.

"Honored they who firmly stand,  
While the conflict presses round ;  
Banner of God in their hand,  
In his service faithful found."

Let no one imagine me insensible to what this divinely inspired being suffered for our sake. We may never undervalue his sacrifice on the cross. But we must also do justice to the active and positive traits of his character. Think of the power of that look which could quell the maniac ; of that dignity, before which the awe-stricken soldiers fell back, and did not dare to lay hands on him, even when sent for his arrest. Picture to yourself the majesty of his countenance as he uttered those terrific denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees ; bring before you his heroic bearing as he expelled the money-changers from his Father's house, and you must feel that Christian art has fallen far short of its mark in attempting to portray this exalted being. Better had it, with the modesty of an old master in history, paused before his image, and refused to put it on canvas, than leave us these feeble delineations of his face. I am not surprised that so many, in this work-day world of our Christian civilization, the strong, the hopeful, are repelled by "false Christs" in such various forms now set before them. No presentation of a merely passive Saviour, feeble, sentimental, void of courage to do and dare "what man dare," will much longer be accepted even in the church itself. If we would win men to Christ, and through him to Christian truth and a Christian life, we must give them a higher and nobler type of religion than this. Not the melancholy and feeble look of art, as it now portrays him, but the manly, resolute, vigorous leader, who was as brave in labor as he was patient in suffering, — this is the great hope of the church and the need of humanity.

## THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

O GOLDEN robin, pipe again  
That happy, hopeful, cheering strain.  
A prisoner in my chamber, I  
See neither grass, nor bough, nor sky ;  
Yet to my mind thy warblings bring,  
In troops, all images of spring,  
And every sense is satisfied  
By what thy magic has supplied.  
As by enchantment now I see,  
On every bush and forest tree,  
The tender downy leaf appear,  
The loveliest robe they ever wear ;  
The tulip and the hyacinth grace  
The garden bed ; each grassy place,  
With dandelions glowing bright,  
Or kingcups, childhood's pure delight,  
Invite the passer by to tread  
Upon the soft elastic bed,  
And pluck again the simple flowers  
Which charmed so oft his younger hours ;  
The apple orchards, all in bloom, —  
I seem to smell their rare perfume.  
And thou, gay whistler, in whose song  
These powers of magic art belong,  
On top of lofty elm, I see  
Thy black and orange livery, —  
Forgive that word ! A freeman bold,  
Of choice thou wearest jet and gold,  
And no man's livery dost wear,  
Thou flying tulip ! free as air !

Come, golden robin, once again  
That magic joy-inspiring strain !

H. T.

## ON OUR JUDGMENTS OF WRONG-DOERS.

BY JOSEPH H. ALLEN.

[The following pages were read lately at a ministerial association, and a desire was expressed that they might be put in print. They deal with only a single aspect of the question which has attracted public attention in so many ways; but with that aspect as to which the need of discussion seems to me at least as great as any.]

I PROPOSE to say a few words of our moral judgments of facts and persons. The subject is one always practically interesting to the pulpit, as well as theoretically, as a matter of speculation. But I have not in my mind any moral or philosophical problem, — such, for instance, as the argument on Utilitarianism lying between Mr. Mill and Mr. Martineau, — so much as certain aspects of it which have been standing out lately before the public mind, and come before us inevitably in our practical judgments of men and things.

And these will be always more or less affected by our religious feelings. We all know very well that piety may be the greatest help to a strict and pure self-judgment, and the stay of the sternest virtue. We also know that piety entirely genuine in its way — as Bulstrode's, in "Middlemarch" — may suggest the very prevarications and double motives which are the most dangerous traps and palliations of guilt. I do not speak, however, of that type of piety which, by its profession of unworldly motive, has always lent the strongest handle to hypocrisy. If I were to speak of any danger at all that comes from the confusion of religious and moral emotion, it would be that to which we ourselves are more liable, — namely, that which comes from the humane, sympathetic, sentimental point of view, to which we are encouraged by our general style of religious thinking. We start, for example, with the essential goodness of human nature, forgetting that at some very common levels it is simply an *animal* nature, — not depraved, indeed, and good, doubtless, in some sense as the divine handiwork, but hardly up to the mark of any properly moral quality at all. The passions we justify in their essence — phil-

osophically or phrenologically — until we get a little dim as to the real mischief and horror their indulgence leads to. We judge men's acts from their motives, without looking enough to their results, — in "the notion that the highest motive for not doing wrong is something irrespective of the beings who would suffer the wrong." In the great tide of reaction that sets against the bigotries and inhumanities of the old creed, we take the point of view of the man whom public law or judgment condemns, — the convicted criminal, whom we would not punish but mend; the drunkard, whom we think of with a tender pity, remembering his weakness under temptation; the fraudulent debtor, whom we will not imprison, but provide easy ways of escape for in bankrupt laws; the speculator or defaulter, to whom we pardon much, partly because we feel for him and his family, partly because his crime has grown out of the same lax way of thinking which we unconsciously share.

In his essay on "Utilitarianism," Mr. Mill argues very ingeniously to show how all our notions of right and wrong have grown up, by imperceptible steps, from some far-away impression of *suffering from particular acts*, — our own, perhaps, or, more likely, felt long before our own existence, and wrought into the common stock of the memory and experience, the moral judgments, of mankind. What is found good in experience is insisted on and built up into a virtue and recompensed by honor and reward. What is found evil and hateful is condemned by maxim and appeal, suppressed and chastised by penalties. It is the theory of Utilitarianism that all our moral feelings and judgments have grown up in that way; and that in the intricate, elaborate, and authoritative form they exist in us, they simply register the results of an inconceivably long process of growth, — are, in fact, as distinctly the result of development as the fibre of the brain itself, which is fashioned by a process that begins with the germ-cell and sperm-cell for its nucleus, that results in the adequate and intricate tool we find it, for every act of human intelligence.

I do not maintain Utilitarianism as a doctrine, neither is it



my present business to examine it. But at least, we cannot afford to disregard the important element of practical truth contained in it. Our actual judgments as to facts and persons must be built up, very much, from knowing and studying the consequences of human actions. And to be healthy, effectual, and safe, those judgments must be enforced by insisting on following up those consequences.

There is a mercy in judgment which comes from pure humanity and refinement of the moral sense. Compare with anything that would be possible now the frightful verdicts of a few centuries ago, which put men, women, and even children to death, with frightful tortures, for mere difference in religious belief; or even of fifty years ago, which hung wretched creatures by the score for petty thefts, and suffered a man hopelessly poor to "rot" (as it was termed) hopelessly in jail, at the caprice of an unforgiving creditor. There is also a mercy in judgment, which is mere laxity of principle and stagnation of the moral sense; as when fraudulent bankrupts and swindlers are let off, by a loose public sentiment, with next to no rebuke at all, for what is often as cruel and wicked an act as a man can do. The same Jesus who said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," said also, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right? Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." It was he who burst out upon the smooth and plausible people of his day with those denunciations which have rung in the world's ear ever since, — "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." And his words do as much to tone up a wholesome severity of moral judgment on one side, as they do to plead for charity and compassion on the other side. True charity is a soft and sweet thing: false charity is a soft and rotten thing. There is just the difference there is in fruit tender with fresh ripeness, and tender with decay. And because we are as often in danger of doing wrong by easiness and flattery as by severity and rigor, it is well to look at some of the reasons why we judge men as we do, and why, sometimes, we should judge them differently from what we do.

There are times when a wholesome vigor, and even great

severity of judgment comes to us with a feeling of satisfaction, — with a bracing sense of a just debt paid to the outraged moral sense. Some years ago, three young men were sentenced in Boston to twenty-five years each in the State Prison, — and with one accord the public applauded the just severity of the judge. It was a cowardly and brutal crime, — coming up, by twos or threes, upon an unsuspecting foot-traveler by night, — seizing him by the throat, or grappling him from behind, — leaving him with their plunder senseless and bewildered, or, if they got less plunder than they hoped, beating him savagely, within peril of his life. It was a crime that made every night-traveler feel unsafe, — that gave no advantage to the brave, strong, cool, ready witted, or fully armed over the timid, hesitating, and weak : it was the terror of the street, the scandal of the police, the standing menace to everybody of peaceful habit, — the one crime that has restored in England the degrading penalty of the lash. So judgment followed conviction, swift and terrible. Twenty-five years ! an awful blight and curse on the life of a young man ! The years, say from twenty to forty-five, — the very years of the adventure, the hope, the glad activity, the business enterprise, the honorable service, the energy of full-grown manhood, — the years of the gathering of families and the training up of children, — the years of growing power, large enjoyment, widening knowledge of the world. Let any man who has passed through those years look back and say — let any one who looks forward to them anticipate and say — what that dark curse of life is to the young man to whom all that space of vigorous manhood is blotted out ! To enter, almost a boy, within those stone walls, those iron gates, those barred and grated door-ways, — to put on in youth the hateful badge of crime, the coarse, parti-colored prison uniform, never to leave it, never to know one fresh, healthy, free taste of the wide world and the society of men, — never till the freshness of manhood is all past, and the world can never, to the man already gray and growing old, be anything but a dreary and friendless passage-way to old age and death. That curse and blight for what ? It is the penalty of one hour of crime, one

rash, sudden perhaps, cruel, and brutal act, — and the judgment of the community says, "It is right."

Now as to the character and motive of the wrong-doer there is always the widest range for imagination, sentiment, philosophy, sympathy, dislike, — for whatever warps our judgment of our friends, or embitters our feelings towards our enemies or rivals. All these things have full play in novels and stories which deal with the circumstances of crime and temptation: and hence it is such stories are so often mischievous in the worst way, begetting a sophistical, mawkish, unwholesome temper, wholly unfit to judge soundly in the real affairs of life. The whole matter of personal judgment respecting the criminal classes — the morbid anatomy of character which such things imply — I pass over altogether now. In general, it is not so much the character of our fellow-men that we have to pronounce upon, as it is their acts. And it is of these that we are too often, I fear, timid evasive, selfish, cowardly, unjust, in passing judgment.

Let us take a case to start with in which the judgments of men are swift, positive, implacable. For instance, cowardice in military service. I take this because it is a case where no man's judgment hesitates, — where there is no question of the justice of a decision more unrelenting perhaps than is visited on any other single offence. The cowardly act is punished by being shot down on the spot, or by the doom of death pronounced from a court-martial, or by the last degree of ignominy and dishonor in whatever milder form of penalty is chosen, or by a load of personal disgrace so terrible that life is intolerable under it: and many a man has plunged madly into the heat of battle, or died a dog's death in a duel, or deliberately committed suicide, simply to be free of that intolerable penalty which the world has agreed to fix on cowardice, — the silent, slow, unmoving finger of men's scorn. And yet, as a matter of guilt, as compared with other crimes, cowardice, we might say, is none at all. Often it is merely not to share the fierce intoxication of the battle: it is to have a cool enough head to perceive the danger, and not quite strong enough nerve to balance it. Or

more simply, as Herbert Spencer shows, it may be merely defective circulation of the blood. It is not the act itself men judge, but the consequences of the act. One moment of relenting, an instant's relaxation of that set resolve, that blindness to peril, that tension of nervous life high-strung almost to madness, in the crisis of a battle, and all is lost, — all for which the campaign was planned and carried out with such cost and pains; all for which the country has pledged its blood and treasure; all, sometimes, that stands between the state itself and destruction. Reckon, if you can, what would be meant by one half-hour's panic at Gettysburg: think of the tremendous strain on the courage and endurance of the men on that awful field, those three terrible days: and then ask what could nerve them to it — plain men, common men, average men, just such men as the rest of us — by the hundred thousand! Partly the pure fire of patriotism, and all the nobler motives of the soldier's life: but partly, too, that shadow of ignominy which sometimes makes the veriest coward afraid to turn, and is felt to be a doom more dread than death. I can imagine that a coward should have a great many more reasons to plead for mitigation of sentence than most of the criminals at our courts. But the world is perfectly inexorable to such pleas. The world has made up its mind that it cannot afford to allow those pleas. The world knows nothing, it cares nothing, of the degree of the man's guilt or blame; it looks only at his act; and *that* it judges with a merciless severity, to be justified (if at all) only by that last necessity which it denotes.\*

Take now a case where the guilt is infinitely greater, yet the motive of general danger is not so clearly brought in play. A man may spend weeks, months, in a deliberate plot to bring to ruin, and shame worse than death, a person who

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\* That is, the world to which the soldier is amenable; that which is represented in military courts. In the civil war, it came to be understood that President Lincoln would remit, if he could, any such sentence for desertion or cowardice; and, to prevent demoralization, I am told that officers would sometimes hasten the execution so as to cut off all chance of appeal.

falls into his acquaintance, or is confided to his charge,—a young man, perhaps, into gambling or drunkenness, or a woman into a hell of misery and despair. The certain consequence, as he knows beforehand, is a blasted hope and a blasted name,—the misery of whole households at guilt not their own,—a life-long agony of remorse and shame. What now shall be the judgment of the world that sees and knows all this? Shall it be scourging, torture, crucifixion,—a revival of those horrors of the ancient age? Or shall it at least be social exile and ignominy, a stripping to bare poverty, and a curse branded on the life, as on the life of the coward who has deserted his colors in battle? Remember how powerful, how dread, how effectual that penalty is,—how terrible, above all fear of death, is that lash of the world's scorn under which the coward writhes into his welcome grave: a lash so potent that it might make those worst disgraces of civilized vice far more rare than cowardice in battle; might make the fences of virtue as strong and sure as that military discipline, whose miracles, cheap and perpetual, we see in the story of every war. But no,—we know it: too often the man of basest and best-known guilt escapes almost absolutely free from any penalty or harm which the world's judgment can inflict; goes through life untouched in purse, unharmed in position, even (as we may almost say) undamaged in reputation.

The world's judgment is often thus mere mockery of right and wrong. The fact of it we may lament: the reason of it we cannot alter. What is the reason, what is the justification, of the cold scorn, the bitter social condemnation, that relentless sentence, inexorable and unescapable, which is visited upon the woman, who is often so far less the accomplice than the victim of the wrong? It is just such reason, and no other, just such justification, and no other, as the wild beasts have, when a herd of deer trample and gore to death the lame or wounded doe; when the wolf that by age or infirmity cannot keep up with the pack is torn and devoured by his ravening companions. These are the self-defenses of nature,—cruel and fierce in act, beneficent and necessary in

result. The life of the race, the soundness of the stock, is what nature cares for: and that fierce, wild instinct is nature's necessary police, to secure the working of her wise law. So with that social instinct that turns and hunts down the unfortunate. The life of our families, the honor of our homes, is under our social conditions given into the keeping of women, not of men. It is the charge of our mothers and sisters and wives and daughters. And their instinct it is—deeper, stronger, more implacable by far in women than in men—which guards that particular sanctuary of household honor, and revenges its desecration. Why? Because that honor must be not only safe from wrong, but safe from suspicion of wrong: not only above attack, but above all apprehension of attack. The side that might be left exposed is guarded by one of the strongest, and in some of its exhibitions one of the most cruel and hateful, instincts of repugnance and scorn.

But it is two things entirely distinct that are brought before the bar of our conscience. One is the character of the man, and the other his deed. We may be as gentle and charitable as we please of the first: of the other we ought not, we cannot, we dare not. It is very suggestive that of the personal judgments of Jesus himself, the two most strongly marked in the Gospels are, first, the woman taken in adultery, to whom he said, "*I do not condemn thee: go and sin no more;*" and the other the thief on the cross, to whom he said, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." And of the two words that describe the crucified malefactor, one is about as strong a word in Greek as "scoundrel" in English, while the other is the same word that is used to describe a pirate, a land-robber, a highwayman, a bandit. And so in fact the church legends make him out to have been,—only with some earlier relentings, like the merciful villain in "The Children in the Wood." But shall we think that Jesus meant these judgments of his as the models on which to shape our own? Nay, we ought not, we cannot, we dare not. To "hate the sin and love the sinner" is, as human nature goes, the very way to make sin cheap and

easy. It is the interest of human society and human morals that sin should be very costly and very hard to the doer of it. The way of transgressors ought in duty to be made as hard as circumstances will allow. There is such a thing as to keep our hate of sin, and yet, in a certain Christian sense, to pity and love the sinner. But the time for that is when he is already crushed by the judgment of the world, or is abased under the sharper judgments of God speaking through the heart, — when he hangs like the thief in agony upon the cross, or crouches in the dust like the woman of sin at Jesus' feet. Then it is time for charity and tenderness to come. But not now, — not while he wears the garments of his pride, and listens in hardness of heart to his victim's cry. Not now, — not while evil is strong in the world, and the unwary perish, and the street is insecure, and the home not too safe from the destroyer, the polluter, the man of sin. Now, whoever does anything to throw the shield of respectability upon a wrong, or cloak it with a smooth name, or to disguise the hateful expression of its face, does something, — in all innocence and unconsciousness it may be, — does something to make virtue less vigorous, to make vice more rampant and bold, to undermine the very foundations of the moral structure on which all our safety rests.

There is a cowardice, a tameness, a complaisance, often, in our judgments of one another which is only second in mischief to the positive wrong it palliates. It is tampering with the foundation-principles of good and evil. It is making the passage-way a little smoother and easier into the wide gate and through the broad way that leads to destruction. Such is the terrible force (as I have shown) of a roused and united public judgment, when it is allied with conscience, and stands for acknowledged necessity, that we must look to it, I think, as the only likely way to abate any very seriously threatening moral evil in society. When the gambler, the spendthrift, the seducer, the fraudulent bankrupt, the cheating contractor, the hoarder of other men's earnings, and the extractor of poor men's labors without reward, — when these worst of offenders receive a portion of that social ignominy



that is now thrust upon the coward in battle, or the victim of evil lusts, then we may hope to see these great wrongs greatly abated. Let our judgment of the man be generous, merciful, fair: but let our judgment of the act be an honest and brave echo of that which conscience gives. It is not the man,—it is the criminal, that is at our bar. The man we leave God to judge: it is the act we must punish in the man,—as swiftly, as inexorably, as surely, as the coward is shot down the instant he turns to run, or the villain whose hand we see raised against our life.

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## HAVE THE GODS RECEDED?

BY PROF. C. C. SHACKFORD.

THE child sees all objects as living. Its own exuberant life is transferred to every blade of grass, every stick and stone. The childhood of the world is the same ideal state, and its religion and science are one and the same thing. Nature is all alive, and there is nothing inanimate, nothing devoid of intelligence and feeling. The worship of nature is the form in which this overwhelming impression manifests itself.

The mythologies of all nations are the recognition of the great forces of nature as they continually operate, as if they were personalities endowed with thought and will. To the Egyptians, Isis and Osiris were the personifications of those natural influences on whose operation they were most dependent for blessing. To the ancient Dorian, the sun was the glorious Apollo, now blessing with his radiant smile, and now with his fiery arrows sending abroad pestilence and death. He who first said that the sun was a globe of fire was called an atheist. To the Scandinavian, the rainbow was the beautiful bridge of the gods, by which they passed into heaven. The earth was the body of the giant Ymir, whom the sons of Bór slew, the sea and the rivers were his blood, the earth was his flesh, the mountains his bones, and the vault of heaven his skull.

We call this poetry, but to them it was both religion and reality. It was the reproduction of the impression which nature made upon them as something living and actual. We call these representations figures of speech, but to them they were realities and facts. They saw life, will, intelligence, and purpose, in every natural phenomenon, even in the quivering leaf and in the flight of birds, as well as in the bright sunlight and the crashing thunderbolt.

And the same elements of human nature, under the same influences and conditions, manifest everywhere the same results. In the middle ages, when there was in the rude and simple tribes of Europe the same childlike state of simplicity in regard to nature and natural phenomena, and the same imaginative and creative spirit as in the mythologic period of Greece, nature is looked upon as the play-ground of saints, angels, and spirits; and all changes and appearances in air, water, and earth, have a spiritual ground. A sacred myth encircles with its halo every object and every phenomenon. Nature is the living and obedient servant of the saintly and the divine will; and there is no miracle, for there is no law, to which the miraculous shall form an exception. Take, as an instance, the following legend from the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Beyond the see was a noble ladie, on whose house alle-way shone the sone by day, and by night allway the mone. Of this many men mervayled. At last the bishop went for to see her, hopyuge that she was of great penaunce in clothinge, or in mete, or in other thinges. And when he came, he saw her alway merry and glad. The bishop then said, 'Dame, what ete ye?' She answeride and saide, 'That she ate diverse metes and delicate!' Then he askede if she used the hayre? She said, 'Nay,' and the Bishop marvayled that God would show so great mervaylle for such a woman. Again, he wente to her, and said, 'Love ye not mekille Jhesu Criste?' She said, 'Yes, I love him, for he is alle my love; for when I thinke on his sweetnesse, I may not witholde myself for gladness and myrthe that I ever feel in him.'"

Or take this legend of the origin of the rose, how much more beautiful than the Grecian flower consecrate to Venus, and made red with the blood of Adonis!

"The holy maiden of Bethlehem," says the old chronicler, "was blamed with wrong; and slandered, she was condemned to the dethe, and as the fyre beganne to breune about hire, sche made hire preyers to oure Lord, that as sche was not gylty of that synne, that he would helpe hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace. And when sche had thus said, anon was the fyre quenched and oute, and the Brandes that weren bruncunye becomen red Roseres, and the Brandes that weren not kyndled becomen white Roseres, fulle of Roses. And these weren the first roseres, bothe white and red, that ever any man saughe. And thus was this mayden saved by the grace of God."

Or as another example, take this legend of the flight into Egypt: "When the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem, they passed certain husbandmen, laboring in a field, and the virgin begged them to answer in reply to any who might enquire 'when the Son of man passed by,' that he passed by 'when they were sowing corn,' which they were then doing. The corn sprang up into the ear in the course of the night, and they were engaged in reaping it the following day, when the soldiers of Herod came up and enquired after the fugitives; the reapers replied as the virgin had directed, and the pursuit was stayed." In the North of Scotland the same legend was current, with this addition, that a black beetle lifted up his head and said, "The Son of man passed here last night," and therefore the highlanders were careful to killevery black beetle, repeating the words, "beetle, beetle, last night," in execration.

The legends and the fables of the old mythologies may seem to us very childish and ridiculous. But they are fragments of great natural systems and modes of looking at nature, which have prevailed in all ages, and among countless myriads of souls. The essential moral of the whole is this, that humanity has been so deeply impressed with a vague perception of the spiritual origin and relations of things in the external world, that no fables have been too wild or extravagant to be received; and such stories, borrowing their peculiar garb and coloring from the habits and received traditions of

different tribes and nations, have traveled on from age to age, and have furnished in the past the medium of communication between the natural and spiritual, between earth and heaven.

But the Gods have receded, it is said, as science has advanced. We look upon nature as a dead machine, a chemical crucible, a vast magazine of force, a manifestation of uniform laws which can be discovered and put to sure and unswerving uses. This is a necessary step in the progress of humanity towards a truly spiritual view; it is no final statement or resting place, but the protruding stone in the rushing stream, on which the foot is placed as the spring is made from the childlike symbol to the philosophic, manly, and comprehensive faith in an ever present, abiding, continually operating order, wisdom, love, and care, wherein nature is a divine whole, a sublime and beautiful series and connection of ascending forms of orderly life and progressive unfolding. In the early, simple ages, all the objects that we call material and natural seemed alive, because there was such a realization of life in the ideal, childlike and sensuous state of the world. The heart and mind transfer their own consciousness of life to the external objects of sense.

Gradually comes up the view of nature as a book which the Creator writes every moment, in which each object is not an arbitrary, but a pictorial and emblematic expression of love and thought, — as a revelation, an embodied idea, a divine language. Poetry has always lived in this view; mythology is the childlike expression of it, and the religious soul experiences it, without perhaps knowing it, or confessing it in words. A ray from the Creating Life passes through all created things, through the soul and natural objects, and binds them all together and to God. "This interpenetrates the earth from heaven;" and from a real perception of order, of harmony, of progress from one degree of life to a higher, of forms corresponding to each other in all the different spheres of animate and inanimate existence, of social, moral and spiritual truth, man will be attracted to flower and star, to cloud and stone, by other influences than material enjoyment and with higher views of nature than as a machine.

There are springing up all around us the prophecies of a better era, a more spiritual perception of nature, and a purer worship of the creative wisdom and love. There is beginning to be the recognition of a principle of divine life in all the varied objects of sense, in all history and in the individual soul. Humanity will herein gain possession of a richer inheritance than it has lost. It will feel itself intimately related as filial spirit with the One Father of spirits. It will heed the sacred ties which bind all created existence together, and through their mutual reception of a divine spirit, bind each and all to God. It will know the secret word which each mute object has to impart, and so will know the Creator's will. The Lord will thus be truly recognized as walking in the garden of the world, as once in the garden of the mystic Eden, and his tabernacle will be with man. He will be adored, not as an external being sitting apart in some region of far-off space, a being limited by boundaries of time and space, to whom high-sounding titles are to be applied, — but as a living reality manifested throughout all worlds, and every remotest object of each world, throughout all time and each epoch of time, and each generation of living men. He will be something more than an abstract and metaphysical conception. He will be the life itself in which all created things share. He will be the Author of that great epic of nature, whose pages are unfolded all around us. And as in order to understand a poem we do not count the lines, or dwell upon the external shape of the letters only, or quote separate and independent lines; and as we do not, on the other hand, seek the Poet out of his work, or judge of him by his lineage or his titles; so we are not to look upon the objects of nature as merely objects for the external senses, nor to seek the Creator in some remote heaven, outside of the world and outside of the soul. But in the temporal we are to unfold the spiritual — in the visible to see the invisible; and through the perishing forms of nature and life be taken up into that sphere of eternal principles and divine realities, wherein is manifest the living and the ever-present God.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

"Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams."

THE young man stands at life's open door,  
His gaze on the future far before ;  
Prophetic visions before him rise  
Of life with its holy mysteries,—  
Of days made grand by a noble aim,  
Of manly toil and an honored name,  
Of a new-made home with its hours of bliss,  
And a dear life blending in one with his ;  
For love and hope shed their golden glow  
O'er the untried way where his feet must go.

The old man sits in his elbow chair.  
The locks on his forehead are white and spare ;  
But a placid smile is on his face,  
Which the years have touched with a tender grace ;  
And open before *those* dreamy eyes  
The past with its light and shadow lies.  
He reads the years as a written scroll,—  
God's record traced on the living soul.  
Long is the way his feet have trod ;  
Flowers have sprung and faded beside the road,  
But their sweetness lingers around him still,  
As his trembling footsteps descend the hill ;

And, oh ! still dearer than the bride\*  
Is the old wife sitting by his side.  
For the years with their mingled joy and pain  
Have but drawn more closely the blessed chain.  
The face, that in youth was fair and bright,  
Now beams with a chastened, holier light ;  
And the smile of God from the home above  
Has hallowed that early dream of love.

M.

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\* "How much the wife is dearer than the bride !"

## THE NEED OF CHRIST.

A SERMON. BY REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

"For without me ye can do nothing." — JOHN xv. 5.

THESE words were addressed to the twelve Apostles, and they received a striking fulfillment in their history. But we should be as powerless to-day as they would have been two thousand years ago, in carrying on the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind, without the instrument of Christianity. Without Christ we could do comparatively nothing effectual in this cause for ourselves or others. Cut from the parent vine, we eventually wither and die. Only as we abide in him, and he in us, can we be fruitful. The ingenuity of man has discovered many new physical agencies, but none yet to supersede his gospel. Indeed, as the world grows older in experience and breadth of vision, it needs Christ not less, but more, to guard the soul from the increasing host of temptations, and to clear up the mystery of life and death, and awaken the soul to righteousness.

For when we face the awful forms of sin and woe which confront us — the greed, fraud, license, passion, murder, suicide — in the Christian states and capitals, we should despair of our race did not the Christian promise stand like a rainbow over the threatening cloud. We all may feel discouraged at times by our own or the moral condition of others. But so far as Christianity has come short of complete success, it has not been for the desponding reason that its force is spent, but for the more encouraging reason that it has not been fully applied.

While, then, we welcome with interest every reform, discovery, or invention which is able in any degree to enlighten the ignorance, or ameliorate the condition of mankind, we can yet have but little faith in partial remedies for sin and misery. The gospel of God's truth and love is alone comprehensive and deep enough to reach the roots of the disease and make man whole. Its day is not past, but rather just



begun. Its energies, instead of being exhausted, have never yet been all brought into use. The best hopes of the world for the future are still bound up in its great leader and Saviour.

For if we take a rapid survey of the several spheres in which our religion makes itself felt, we shall receive a new impression of the need we have of Christ, and of the impossibility of our doing much without him for our own moral elevation, or that of society.

I. To begin, then, with the first and most essential, *the Life of the Soul*. The cry of humanity probably never was more distinct or urgent than it is to-day for something to solve the riddle of man's destiny. The quickening to other parts of our nature, by means of art, liberty, science, and civilization, has only served more effectually to make us feel that we have deep spiritual needs which those earthly forces cannot satisfy.

The cry of the soul after its God and its heaven cannot be answered by the din and tumult of modern civilization. Indeed the unsatisfactoriness and hollowness of the usual methods of human happiness and peace were never more vividly demonstrated than they are in the very focus of wealth, culture, and refinement. If I wished to show you how empty and miserable the soul is when Christ, in the spirit and principles of his religion, is not enthroned and glorified there, I would not take you to the hovels of the poor, but to the palace of the millionaire, where riches, and refinement, and luxury, and the gratification of every taste and desire have done their utmost, and yet have come short of satisfying the spiritual and eternal hungerings of man after his own native and divine good.

And in this grand characteristic the soul knows neither time nor place. Whether in Palestine or America, whether ages ago or to-day, man's heart and flesh cry out for the living God. The need of a guide, a comforter to the tried, tempted, and agonized soul, as it sounds on its dim and perilous way, increases, rather than diminishes, with every onward step of development; for the points of exposure are multiplied, the world grows more absorbing, cares and perplexities increase, and the way seems longer, and the burden heavier.

"The spirit of the age" may be powerful and equal to many things, but there is a spirit, not dependent upon "the age," the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, that should enter into man, and take up the work of his spiritual growth and life, with an ever-brightening hope and faith. This should be more than bread to his hunger, or drink to his thirst; for when he falls, this shall place him on his feet again; when he faints and tires in the heavenly way, this renews his strength, so that he mounts up as on eagle's wings; and when about to die, this eternal spirit assures him that God is calling him to immortal life. Who that thinks of a human soul adventuring into this dangerous world, with its ten thousand forms of pleasure and sin, but must bless God for that new pledge of safety given by the religion of Jesus, the soul's Redeemer.

II. Or, when we pass out of the awful privacy and loneliness of the individual spirit, and enter the cheerful circle of *Family Life*, do we find any less want of the hand of a Saviour? Here those miracles take place of love, marriage, birth, growth, and death. Here on the affluent tree of humanity hang, at one and the same time, the buds of childhood, the flowers of youth and beauty, and the golden fruit of maturity and age. Here is the nursery of immortals, and how interesting and vital everything becomes which bears upon the formation of habits, unfolding of powers, and building up of character! What great reformer but Jesus knew how to begin at the beginning by saying "suffer the little children to come unto me"? What stands so strong a bulwark for a young man's character as a father's high-toned Christian example? And the noblest of that kind date from the man of Nazareth. The sympathies and tender affections of parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, restore Eden again to the world: but where do these flowers bloom and diffuse their fragrance as in the true Christian home? Sever the family from the religion of Jesus, give it up to the modern laws of so called reform, of divorce, of revolution, of self-assertion instead of self-denial, of fashion and ambition, or even intellectual tastes, solely, and how long will the homely virtues and time-honored courtesies survive? It is the

domestic character of Christ — his being subject to his parents, his care of his mother and providing for her on the cross, his love of friends, his sympathy with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, his consideration, throughout his ministry, for the beautiful connections and ties of family life — which constitutes, in no small degree, his fitness to be the Saviour of a world made up of families and relationships. The dignity and elevation given to woman in modern civilization is due to Jesus. He is the safeguard of the family as well as of the soul. Renounce his faith, and we shall see marriage loosening its golden bond, children growing up wild and rude, and society hastening back to its original barbarism.

III. *The Church*, if we rise from private life to our public organizations, is likewise, we are confident, demanding not less but more of Christ, and the purest and holiest of his principles and motives as the effectual antidote to its schisms and strifes and blemishes. In spite of so much preaching, so much revivalism, so many rites and ceremonies, such stress laid upon a correct belief, and such exacting discipline, the real and simple want is ever for more and more of moral and spiritual capital, more of the essence of the Sermon on the Mount, of the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, and the beatitudes. Let the genius of these heavenly words reign in the church, and she would be clothed with a new and wonderful power. She would then go forth "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners." The church can do comparatively nothing without that union with the parent vine from which it derives its vitality and fruitfulness. Science, art, philosophy, literature, are all necessary and glorious in their appointed spheres; but it is not their mission to minister to the spiritual wants of man, and clothe him with the graces of faith, hope, and love. And if one reason, more prominent than another, can be assigned why Christianity has not done more than it has in moralizing and spiritualizing mankind, it is that it has not stretched out its hand to work its wonders in the name of Christ, but of some human sect or partisan, Luther or Calvin, Catholic, Protestant, or Greek. The all-prevailing reformation of the church is

not by ninety-five theses or thirty-nine articles, is not in Westminster or Winchester confessions and creeds, but in sitting more humbly at the Master's feet, more deeply imbibing his spirit, more carefully keeping his commandments, and following his leading with ever-growing sympathy and love. Light, light immortal shines, like a sun at midday from that quarter of the heavens. Christ is still, as of old, the master builder of the church, and its chief corner-stone. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid.

IV. So, too, in that majestic system called *Society and the State*. The profound secret of the organization of men in social and political relations lies precisely in "re-enacting," to use a modern phrase, "the laws of God." The old kingdoms of a thousand years, and the new republics of to-day, overturn and overturn in the struggle and agony to get enough of truth and moral cement into their framework to hold them together, and prevent their disintegration. The laws of men living together and co-operating in good will are few and simple, however numerous and complicated may be their applications. A few grains of right, a sprinkling, even, of the laws of universal brotherhood, a breath of the spirit of love, are sufficient to work marvels in the social compact. And never lips on earth uttered those verities with such a depth and tenderness of sensibility, and such an awe-inspiring authority, as our Lord. We feel, as we read them, as if the weight of worlds settled down upon us in his few sublime words: "All ye are brethren." "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." "Forgive your enemies." "Love them that hate you."

If mighty empires, old or new, have fallen, it is because they had not consistency or cohesion enough to hold them from flying asunder. Not any great achievement, not arts or arms chiefly, not mechanical inventions, though we ride with the wind and correspond with the lightning, not fine-spun civil codes, not civil service systems, however well devised, can insure a nation's life. But it lies in so simple a thing as right, honesty, truth, justice, or love. Jesus has the art of

arts for the statesman and diplomatist. It is that, in the long run, right is might in God's universe.

The need of pure Christianity for the state never was so apparent as now, when forms of government are becoming more free, and old institutions are crumbling. For the less of outward restraint there is, the more urgent is the necessity of laying a new emphasis of duty, a keener sense of obligation on the conscience and the heart. We see no hope for our country, republic though it be, except in a more earnest and thorough application to every-day life of the principles and the motives of the Christian religion. Our growth of population, our increase in wealth and power, our California gold fields, or our Pennsylvania coal and iron fields, our magnificent cities, even our education, if it be exclusively or largely intellectual, without moral and religious culture, will only hasten our decline and downfall. The only hope we can entertain for the permanence of the new family of republics springing up in Europe, is the diffusion of intelligence and Christian principle. It is not because they are republican that they will live, but because they are Christian.

The words of Washington in his farewell address still stand true, substantiated by the experience of nearly a hundred years: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be sustained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

As Josiah Quincy, too, has said, "Human happiness has no security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge: and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

And Mr. Seward, than whom no American statesman has

been more wise, or had a larger experience of the world, has said, "I am not more confident of any truth than I am of this, that no republican government can stand that has not, for its chief support, the morality and virtue of the people. I am equally confident that morality and virtue can only be maintained by teaching the Christian religion. Hence it is as a magistrate I deem it a solemn duty, on all proper occasions, to bear testimony of the sanctions of that religion."

V. And finally, for *the Wide World*, the great humanity, what name but that of Jesus is powerful enough to command the attention of nations dead in trespasses and sins? The story of the cross has had a wonderful charm, even for the lowest and most benighted of our race, when all other means failed. Think of this great weltering mass of human beings, millions of idolators, what can teach them the worship of one living and true God? Hordes of African and Polynesian savages, what shall civilize them? The populous cities of China, Japan, and other Asiatic countries, who shall summon them to the Christian immortality? The half-civilized nations of Europe and America, filling even the nineteenth century of the era of the Prince of Peace with an ever-growing calendar of battle and carnage, who can say to this stormy sea of humanity, as Jesus once did on the Galilean lake, "Peace, be still"? To charm this vast, wide-spread, turbulent race into any degree, even slight, of conscious obedience to God, and love to one another, is a task so difficult and yet so essential, that though angels might desire to do it, they might well despair of success. But the Christian church, holding forth in the midst of the darkness in which the nations are plunged, the two brilliant torches of truth, — the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind, — promises, more than any other agency, to improve their condition. No doubt better intercourse among mankind might do something to draw them into closer fraternity of feeling and conduct; but leave men on the lower plane, as they are now, and such intercourse would be but the grinding of the potsherds of the earth against one another. They need the baptism of a new spirit, and then commerce and travel will be converted into

angels of beneficence. The word has gone forth, and it cannot return fruitless. "Heaven and earth," said the greatest of the prophets, "shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

May we renew our hope and faith in Jesus this morning, as the way, the truth, and the life to the soul, to the family, to the church, to the state, and to the world. Many of our plans and expectations are overthrown in the course of our lives. We find that things are not what they seem. But from every apparent defeat, from every transient arrest, we witness this spiritual power, symbolized in Jesus, taking to itself new influences and wider empire. We cannot believe that the end is yet. What has been done is only a hint of what shall come to pass. Greater works than these shall be done. The Christian faith, for these long centuries, has only been getting under way, starting on its heaven-directed voyage. Its best works, its noblest fruits, lie far hence in a glorified future, on earth and in heaven. For that let us labor and pray. To that let us consecrate our hearts and lives. This faith so practical and inspiring, says to every base passion and every besetting sin, "Get thee behind me!" and to every noble thought and feeling, "Awake, arise, Christ shall give thee light!"

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PURIFICATION. — As the refiner sits beside the furnace, watching the silver in its process of purification until his face is visible in the metal, so Christ sits by us while we are in the "fiery furnace," and takes us not away until his image is reflected in our own.

It is our purification, and not our destruction, which he labors for; and the fiery trial will not be greater in intensity or duration than is requisite for that end. Like the molten silver, which continues in a state of agitation until all impurities are thrown off, and then becomes still, so we know no rest until the dross is burned away, and our Saviour's face is seen reflected in our souls.



## ST. PETER'S ROMAN PONTIFICATE.\*

AN ESSAY WITH SUGGESTIONS.

*Erasmus Redivivo Auctore.*

A PAMPHLET, in English, with the preceding title, has just reached me, through the post-office, direct from Rome. And it is a curious sign of the times. A doubt uttered aloud, in Rome, as to whether St. Peter ever was in the city, what a disturbance it would have made, only a few years ago! And now the doubt is even worth answering civilly, and with a show of argument from history.

But this little pamphlet is made up of sheets printed in New York, in connection with a magazine, and forwarded thence to Rome, for publication at the Libreria Spithoever. And that again is something to think of! Such a mite of help being welcome at such a place and at such a crisis!

The Catholic Church was a great, grand, venerable institution, before the clergy were debarred of marriage, and long, long before the Bishop of Rome was accounted better than any other bishop, except merely as living at what had been the metropolis of the old world, before the social cataclysm, with which the Roman Empire went to pieces. And the Catholic Church will continue to be living and catholic, long after the custom will have ceased of honoring the Bishop of Rome, as greater than any other bishop of the Church. Though no doubt — “il Papa,” as the Italians call him — the Pope of Rome will always draw special deference to himself, because of the grand, dear, old city, with its awful name.

The primitive bishops — or in better English, the earlier overseers of the Christians at Rome — became, at first, what the popes have been as to power, almost helplessly. The Bishop of Rome was the residuary legatee of the Cæsars and their imperial successors. The world-famous title of popes, — “Pontifex Maximus,” — what is inscribed at Rome, in a thousand places as “Pont. Max.,” is an inheritance from

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\* Rome. Libreria Spithoever. 1872.

the line of the emperors, as it failed. The Emperor Diocletian was Pontifex Maximus of Rome, while he was persecuting the Christians; as is plain enough, even merely by the hundreds of medals of his age, of which I have now near me, two or three. Nero was Pontifex Maximus of Rome, while the earliest Christian martyrs of Rome were being burnt about the Vatican mount. Tiberius, the Emperor, was Pontifex Maximus at Rome, when Jesus of Nazareth was crucified at Jerusalem, with "set up over his head his accusation written, 'This is Jesus the King of the Jews.'" And the Emperor Vespasian was Pontifex Maximus, — the chief priest of Rome, and its idols, when Jerusalem was captured by his armies, and the temple was thrown down, and the Jews were dispersed. This is all very curious, very striking. And very striking indeed it was to me as I made out what I have just written, with indulging one morning a sudden impulse of historic inquiry, which occurred to me, while a resident of Rome.

At Pompeii, on a wall, there is the picture of a sacrifice to some heathen deity; and in that picture, there is an attendant waiting on the priest, with a great fan, for the purpose of keeping off flies from the meat on the altar. Two such fans, at this time, are borne, one on the right and another on the left of the Bishop of Rome, on those great occasions, when he is carried round his church, in state. Those fans were inherited along with the title of Pontifex Maximus, from the Roman emperors, who used to climb the hard steps of the Capitoline Hill, for the worship of Jupiter Optimus, Maximus, in a temple, the columns of which stand now on the old spot, in a church, that is called by the name of Santa Maria.

And supposing that even really St. Peter had been Bishop of Rome, is it right to ascribe to him the title of Pontifex Maximus? Even the Emperor Constantine was Pontifex Maximus of Rome, and so was every emperor that succeeded him for a while. The emperor might worship in a Christian church; but he was unwilling to forego the privileges attached to the office of Pontifex Maximus of pagan Rome.

But when at last, the privileges belonging to the office of Pont. Max., had been worn away as to worth, then the Roman emperor abandoned the pagan dignity; and then soon afterwards the title of Pontifex Maximus was assumed by the Bishop of Rome, and in the course of time became world famous as a Christian glory. But the ascription of the title to St. Peter, is surely an anachronism, and one that is not quite free from misleading effect.

But only to think how Paul would have felt, in his own hired house at Rome, as to the future of Christianity, if he could have known, that there were to be bishops of Rome, credited for being the successors of Peter, and who yet would glory in the title of Pontifex Maximus, and be attended on great occasions by "flabelliferæ," persons bearing great fans, like what were in use, to his own personal knowledge, probably, in what he would have called the temples of idols!

The bishops of Rome became what they did, very largely because of what was thrust upon them by their times, age after age. And it is not at all impossible, that in time to come, the popes, will forego, one by one, prerogatives, once good, perhaps, to hold, but which are now obsolete as to the good of the Catholic Church. The present state of the Catholic Church, internally, as to very earnest, though subdued controversy, is intensely interesting.

The pamphlet, here under review, is, like most other controversial publications, for begging along the line of argument, from point to point. Of the argument, as to St. Peter's having certainly ever been at Rome, these are the first words, "And first the opinion which is least probable," &c. What a starting-point, as to a serious matter of history, and especially as to what the Papacy claims to be, and what it has been and done as to men's lives, and as having connected with it, an office of Holy Inquisition!

This pamphlet has for its main subject of argument what is here quoted:—

"In the discussion that took place in Rome\* on the 9th and

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\* See some account of it in the last volume of this magazine.

10th of February, 1872, the chief speaker on the negative side ended his discourse by saying, that, no matter what weight of testimony could be brought to sustain St. Peter's coming to Rome, the silence of Scripture was for him an unanswerable argument. Scripture should have spoken of the fact had it existed: it said nothing about it, therefore it had never existed. Were it not that the subject is too serious for such quotations, we should say with Gratiano, 'We thank thee for teaching us that word!'

As to bare logic the anti-papal speaker was wrong; because silence as to a great fact does not, of course, consequently, necessarily, and unavoidably imply, that a writer knew nothing about it, while writing about something else. But no doubt Father Gavazzi would reply, "You did not understand me quite. You make so much of the Primacy of Peter as over-ruling the Scriptures, that the Scriptures themselves ought to be found distinctly and fully assenting and consenting to it, and also even testifying beyond all cavil as to St. Peter in Rome, and when it was that he sat in his Chair, as an apostle. It is not to a tradition that the church should be holding on, at an all-important point as to salvation; and still less will the mere ghost of a tradition do—a man's talk about another man's talk, as to somebody who had heard, what still another man was understood to have heard." These words, which I myself have put here into Father Gavazzi's mouth, sound as though they were unanswerable.

Possibly St. Peter did live and die at Rome; possibly he lived there as a bishop for the twenty-five years, which are claimed for him; possibly he did, personally, found the Church at Rome; and possibly too he ruled his Roman diocese for twenty-five years, while running and sailing at times, backwards and forwards between Jerusalem and Rome, so as to correspond with the appearances, which he makes, this year and that, and at one place and another in Judea, as recorded in the book of the Acts of the Apostles.

The Acts of the Apostles,—a book standing in the Bible next after the four Gospels, and yet having no mention of the Primacy of St. Peter, or of his having seated himself, apostolically, at Rome, as the Head of the church universal!

A strange, curious fact, historically! And there have been not a few Protestants, during the last few years, with the recognition of that simple fact, who would have been tranquilized, — persons who have been inwardly convulsed by claims and calls made upon them, and which have been felt by them acutely, because of their being, constitutionally, prone to succumb to an authority beginning from anywhere with a great, threatening voice.

To the Roman section of the Catholic Church, as it does, at present, understand itself, it is vital, that St. Peter should be believed in, as having been at Rome, and having lived there as what is called, the Head of the College of Apostles. But whether he was there or not, is not of the least importance to Protestants, except as a curious matter, historically, and of the same nature, as to whether actually, it was one of the apostles, who first preached the gospel to the Abyssinians; for, odd as it is, as a fact, the Christians of Abyssinia, are of very ancient descent. "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man?" And who, then, Rome or no Rome, and whether even Peter was there or not, — who was Peter, but a preacher and witness as to Jesus Christ; and an apostle, more or less pliant as to the Holy Ghost, of which he was a subject?

It is argued that "the opinion which is least probable concerning the death of St. Peter satisfactorily accounts for the silence of the Acts and the Epistle to the Romans." According to one tradition, St. Peter had been dead four years, when the Epistle to the Romans was written: and that accounts, it is supposed, for Paul's not mentioning him in his letter to the Romans; and also for the author of the Acts of the Apostles being silent about his long life in the greatest city of the world. "The opinion which is least probable, satisfactorily," — what a way of arguing as to fact and history, — a historical fact claiming for itself such tremendous significance!

And then, "we say, secondly, that in the belief that S. Peter and S. Paul died at the same time, in Rome, sufficient

reason can be found for the silence both of the Acts and of the Epistle to the Romans." For almost anything reasons can be found of some kind. Why is it that to the end of the very last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, there is no mention of St. Peter as living at Rome, for twenty-five years or any part of those years, or of his having established there that Chair, that means so much to-day, and which, in the middle ages, was more awful than any contemporary throne? This is what is given as a reason, — "Verse thirty says, 'He remained two years in his own hired house, and received all who came unto him; (thirty-one) Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching with all confidence, and without prohibition, the things that are of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Here the Acts ends. Does there seem to the reader any place in these two verses for a mention of Peter?" No, certainly not. But why should there not have been two verses more? In *the Acts of the Apostles*, why should there not have been a whole chapter about St. Peter at Rome, written by the man, who wrote about St. Paul, as having been carried there a prisoner, and living there, for two years?

As to a suspension bridge, it is an axiom, that its real strength is what it can bear, at its weakest point. As to the connection between Rome and St. Peter, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of authorities that might be quoted, from the sixth to the nineteenth century; but just at the point, and along the century, where they are most wanted, authorities are not to be found. As to the Pontificate of St. Peter at Rome, history is silent, just when it ought to be a witness, clear, manifold, distinct. Tradition is not history; and however respectable and credible it may be, it is not history; and it cannot logically or philosophically be allowed, as the main authority, for such a great claim, historically, as Peter's having been Bishop of Rome.

Between the year of our Lord's crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, and the year of our Lord 200, there is a space bridged, as regards the assertion of St. Peter's episcopacy at Rome, by a thread of "opinion" and "tradition." But it is just along that space of time, that history ought to be testi-

fyng, and authorities ought to be quotable, two or three in every one of the five successive generations. And now as to the authorities for such a great matter as is made of the possibility, or probability of Peter's having been Bishop of Rome! There is a volume of writings, more or less genuine, by Apostolic Fathers, — Christian writers between the apostles, and the commencement of well-ascertained history, ecclesiastically. These are the men, one would think, who should be all important as witnesses, for what the understanding was in their age, as to the Primacy of Peter and his connection with Rome, as a See, and the seat of his Chair as the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. And these are the words with which these men are noticed: "Not to speak of S. Clement of Rome, of S. Ignatius of Antioch, of Papias, we take the words of S. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, who was martyred in the year 202 of the Christian era. We omit speaking of the other Fathers, not because we consider their testimony without great value, for it is impossible we think for anybody who takes up their works with an unprejudiced mind," &c. Not to speak of St. Clement and Ignatius and Papias! Why, these are the very men above all others, that ought to be spoken of and cited! From any one of these writers, ten words would have been worth more than ten books of opinions and traditions, fifty, eighty, a hundred, two hundred, four hundred years, later.

Words by Tertullian are cited fairly, and therefore in a minor, subordinate way; for they were, probably, written, some years later, ten or twenty, perhaps, than the passages quoted from St. Irenæus. Both Irenæus and Tertullian write fully and distinctly as to Peter's having lived and died at Rome. It is possible that Tertullian may have written, as to St. Peter, on the authority of Irenæus. It might be conjectured so, from internal evidence, as to the two authors. But — a singular insufficiency, as to the purpose, for which they are quoted — of St. Peter's chair, as being the seat of Supremacy in the church, there is no mention, by either Irenæus or Tertullian. And yet if they knew of it, they really ought to have been fervent about it.



There is an epistle by Peter, that is good evidence about himself, to a certain extent. It is undoubtedly genuine. But it is no Roman encyclical. It is not written as though by the chief of the apostles, and the Head of the Church. It never mentions Rome: it is not even dated from that city. Far from it! It was written at Babylon, and was addressed to the surrounding regions, — "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia." This epistle is commonly supposed to have been written, not very far from the time, when according to Catholic tradition, Peter was killed at Rome.

St. Paul writing to the Romans, with Peter for their bishop — Peter, prince of apostles — Peter, the vicar of Christ on earth, yet never mentioning even Peter's name! At the end of the epistle, oh the people he remembers! "Greet Priscilla and Aquila my helpers in Christ Jesus — Salute my well beloved Epænetus — Greet Mary — Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen — Greet Amplias my beloved in the Lord — Salute Herodian my kinsman — Greet them that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord — Salute the beloved Persis." And besides all these, fifteen other persons does St. Paul remember and salute by name. But there is no salutation for Peter — no recognition of the great apostle's name — no felicitation of the church on account of its illustrious founder — no congratulation of the Romans as having the Chair of St. Peter, in their midst! It is all as though Paul had never heard of Peter's name in connection with Rome.

However it is argued, that while writing his Epistle to the Romans, Paul was thinking about Peter, though he did not mention his name. Why, what an ingenious, singular supposition! And so curiously expounded! "St. Paul tells us himself he desired to go to the Romans to impart to them something of spiritual grace to strengthen them, that is to be comforted in them 'by that which is mutual — your faith and mine.' The mode of expression of S. Paul, in this place, verses eleven and twelve, is worthy of notice. He

says to the Romans he longs to see them to *strengthen* them, and as if he might be misunderstood, he adds immediately, '*that is to say*, that I may be comforted together in you.' Evidently he speaks here, as one who is careful lest he seem to usurp the place of another, or assume a right of teaching with authority which belonged to another. He would not have the Romans think he considers that the one who rules them is inferior to himself or stands in need of his support." This quotation is an exact transcript. I have read it over, five or six times. And once, for a moment, I thought that I caught sight of something, though apparently of no real importance. No doubt, there are critical verses, here and there, in the Scriptures, which test the reader's eyes as to what he can see, or cannot see, because of education. Perhaps, these two may be such verses. From our common English version of the Scriptures, I give in full, the passage from Paul's epistle, which, as I think, is interpreted above so mysteriously. "For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established: That is that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me." I have written the words in full, that are commented upon, above; and still I fail to see any allusion to St. Peter, or any guardedness of expression that might be interpreted to mean, that Paul when writing to the Romans, thought about Peter, though he never mentioned him.

And then, too, the epistles written by Paul, while he was at Rome, and addressed to the Philippians and the Colossians, without any mention of St. Peter, either as to his presence, or his work, or his friendliness! And yet Paul had such a strong feeling as to Christian brotherhood! At the end of his epistle to the Philippians, he writes,—“The brethren, which are with me, greet you. All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household.” The mention of the persons who were Christian in Nero's household, is well worthy of notice, historically. But if Peter, the apostle, can be thought of, as having lived and died at Rome, and as also having lived there, as the Head of the Christian

world, why then did not Paul mention him, as his superior or his friend? Paul so fond of friendly recognitions! And yet Paul, writing from Rome, never refers to Peter, any more than if he had never been there!

The conclusion of the argument, which has been examined here, as to St. Peter's Roman Pontificate, is very triumphant, notwithstanding its petitionary course, and its very curious tenuity, if not real invisibility, at some points. "Moreover the silence of Scripture does not prove that S. Peter did not rule the Church of Rome twenty-five years, because as we have shown, there was no reason why either the Acts or the Epistle to the Romans should speak of S. Peter's going to Rome and being there. What we have here asserted, is all the more true because we have positive testimony, not only with regard to S. Peter's coming to Rome, but also respecting the date of his coming, the period of his ruling the church there, the time and the manner of his death there, and because we have the monuments recording the memory of the apostles Peter and Paul, the trophies of the apostles, as Caius, calls them, '*tropæa apostolorum*,' which exist to this day, surrounded by the marks of veneration and the pious traditions of the people of Rome. Against all these proofs, difficulties of history and chronology are of no avail; for," &c.

Yes, there are monuments, but they are not nearly old enough! And there is testimony, plenty of it, but the all-important men, Clement of Rome, and Ignatius and Papias and others cannot be quoted as to it.

"Positive testimony!" A man may be positive as to what he heard his father say: but he cannot be positive as to what his father heard from his grandfather, unless he himself heard what passed. And as to what his grandfather heard as coming from a great, great grandfather, what positivity can there be!

If a man, to-day, were positive, what really would his positiveness be worth, as asserting, that by a family tradition, he knew out of what forest, the timber was cut, from which the "Mayflower" was built, that sailed from Deft-haven, after an

address to the passengers by John Robinson? No doubt, there would be persons in New England, and especially perhaps in the neighborhood of Plymouth, who would believe, more or less, according to the character of the witness, and what they might credit him for, as to an ancestry, exceptionally honest and intellectual. But if then it were added, that eternal salvation was more or less contingent on believing that man's word, as to the building of the "Mayflower," then it would be felt, that God was strangely involved, as letting a person's salvation depend on a thread of testimony, true possibly, but absolutely impossible to verify.

It is possible, that St. Peter may have been at Rome; but that he was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, is very improbable. But that possibility at its best, good enough for poetic use, and pleasant to think of, is not solid ground, — is not what will bear the weight of St. Peter's chair, as a certainty; and still less will it bear the weight of that Chair, with a bishop in it, claiming to be the Head of the Church Universal, the vicar of Christ, the vicegerent of God — a personage, now, lately, voted to be infallible, as to any decisions, which he makes for the church, as to doctrine, and as to what claims it may make on even the rulers of empires, kingdoms, and states.

As to the chair of the bishop or Christian overseer at Rome, having first been filled by Peter, be it remembered that the first words, that can be adduced historically, are more than one hundred and fifty years later than the time, when Peter became an apostle — and that those words are not from Rome itself, nor from a Roman, but from Irenæus, a Greek, living at Lyons, far away up the Rhone, in Gaul.

The Catholic Church is one thing, and the supremacy of the Pope over all other bishops in the church, is quite another thing. In ages past, the Catholic Church has been renewed from within, again and again, and has got self-adjusted to the ways and requirements of a changing world. And when the time comes, for it again to set itself right, as a power in the world, the doctors of the church will be at no loss, for precedents and principles. And it is within the

bounds of possibility, and almost even of probability, that there may be within fifty years, a Catholic Church, to be joined by half of the people of our hundred discordant, Protestant sects. Under Pio Nono, especially, Catholicism as to the church, has been so narrowed and embarrassed, that now it has become a question, positive, instant, urgent, which of the two shall live, the Church Catholic, or Papal Supremacy. That is what is now troubling the Catholics of Germany. It is really a question, ultimately and as a matter of fact, of Italy as against the Catholic world of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, England, and America. And it is because of the internal struggling of the Catholic Church, at this present time, that this essay has been written.

But it may be insisted, "How is it possible, that the notion of Papal Supremacy, could ever have obtained, unless it were true?" And to that, the answer is, "Ask the Patriarch of Constantinople, how about it." And his answer, probably, would be something like this,—"We Greeks, we descendants of the Christian converts, to whom were addressed the epistles to the Corinthians, and those to the Thessalonians, and that to the Ephesians,—we do not acknowledge the Papal Supremacy, any more than we acknowledge or feel the power of the Roman Church, to debar our clergy of marriage. Nor in any patriarchate, in the East, that ever was, was ever the Pope of Rome acknowledged, as the superior of a patriarch. Have you read my letter to him—to Pio Nono of Old Rome—on his inviting me to the late Council at Rome, that has been called Œcumenical? I pray you, read it. And you will then understand better, what we Greek Catholics think and always have thought about Old Rome. And remember, too, that even in the Athanasian Creed, as it obtains in Western Christendom, there is a clause, on account of which, we Eastern Christians, regard the Church of Rome, as dissenting from us, of the East, and from the old faith."

But how did the notion of the Papal Supremacy get current? How do mistakes, without end, get going? How

does the will-o'-the-wisp get lighted on a dark night, when it dances about a marsh so strangely? How did a certain curiously constructed creed get itself attributed to St. Athanasius, and get consecrated with his name and authority for all Christendom, through long ages, though composed long after Athanasius himself was dead? How do things happen? How is it, that an honorable lady, with a large family of children, is the Head of the Church, as by law established, in England, and decides, authoritatively, as to what is true Church-of-England doctrine, whether bishops or archbishops, like it or not? It is true, indeed, that the Queen is a woman of such good sense, that she asks advice as to the exercise of her ecclesiastical Headship. Our Catholic Church, — the Holy Apostolic Church, as it is sometimes called in England! But Supremacy as to it, is lodged with the Queen, as some persons have ruefully had to experience. How does ecclesiastical power grow? How is it that the officers of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, cannot meet in their annual Assembly, unless their proceedings be inaugurated, by Royal Commissioners, appointed by the same distinguished Lady, who is in England the Head of the Episcopal Church? By the time, the Supremacy of the Pope in Western Christendom, appears historically, how is it that there appear along with it, so many queer things, foreign to the New Testament, but akin to those "flabellæ," — those great fans, — made of the feathers of peacocks' tails, — those curious accompaniments of office, which wait on the Holy Father, at the Church of St. Peter, on grand occasions? How was it that at the Council of Nice, that great assembly of bishops should have been bold enough, to pronounce as they did, on the meaning of the Scriptures, doctrinally, and enact a creed for the Church, while out of hundreds of them, only twelve had any knowledge of the Hebrew language; according to Eusebius, the Secretary of the Council, and its historian?

The rise of the Papacy is nothing inscrutable; and it is hardly even wonderful, regarded by the light of history. The heathenism of ancient Rome was crumbling, and along with it, all the bonds of society were giving way. Also the city

of Rome was assailed every now and then, by hordes of Goths and Vandals. And there was trouble infinite, all over Western Christendom, for want of leadership, of any rational kind. All the earnest, worthy life, which there was in imperial Rome, was Christian, was that of people bound together, and trusting one another, as Christians, and as fellow-believers in a City of God, as to which the crash of a falling empire, was but like dust, on a pilgrim's way. And of these Christians, the chief, their dear overseer or bishop, was a man on whom fastened all the responsibility, there could attach to any one, as to doing the best that could be done, at such a time; and also round him gathered all opportunity, as to leadership, for organizing a better state of things, socially. By circumstance alone, unresisted, the Bishop of Rome was clothed with that authority, of which Papal Supremacy is but like an outside garment.

Oh, that wonderful faculty which the ancient Romans had for law-giving and social organization! And it is because of that, and the time, and the grand terrific name of Rome, in the Old World, that the Bishops of Rome, during the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, of the present era, rose on Western Christendom, as they did, for authority. It was all, as simple and natural as could be. But as to the Church and the world, — as to world-forces, coercion and the sword, there was obliviousness, so strange and fatal, and yet also, in a way, so natural, as to those words, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence."

What is written above, is in brief, the history of the growth of the Papacy; and more and more facts cited, and more and more light, would only make it plainer. And of mushroom papacies, after the same manner of growth, there is not, probably, one Protestant sect, but has had its two or three instances. The weakness of human nature! The forgetfulness of even pretty good men, that as to Christian treasure, they themselves are but earthen vessels, as St. Paul might say!



A man thinking to help along the Almighty, in the world, by the use of his worldly cunning and personal force, — that is what is so common with ecclesiastics of every denomination, from the Romanist to the Rationalist. And that, so largely, is the like of what church history has to tell of, age after age.

How strangely Christianity might have ended, as it would seem, but for some texts in the Bible! John Huss, Martin Luther, and others, a glorious company, might have protested, in vain, as to the plain sense of the Scriptures, but for a few texts, proof against even bad logic. Oh, those grand words, by which, with understanding them, every believer is panoplied against anybody and everything, that might intervene in a priestly way, between his conscience and the Highest, — those words as to Jesus Christ, who "hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." Every man, the king of his own soul, with Christ in full view, — every man, his own priest, with the best advice, which he can get, — that is Christianity, as to authority.

And, also, that is a truth, which those Catholics of Germany, who are just now questioning Papal infallibility, will be more likely to avow, twenty years hence, than will at that time, nine Protestants out of ten. There are hosts of Protestants, myriads of hosts, who disown the Pope, but who yet really hold on to his skirts, — hold on to traditions, doctrinally, and to phraseology, and ways of thinking, which are of Romish origin, and which are of no worth, historically, except through channels, by which they are complicated with the history of the Papacy, and with St. Peter's Roman Pontificate.

Always, too, let it be remembered, that by ecclesiastical search, not only is darkness made visible, but that also truths are disclosed, which gleam and flash, like diamonds, in the sunlight of intelligence; and which for everlastingness are akin to the New Jerusalem, as to which it is written, "And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the

foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."

In all fairness, it ought to be added here, that, probably, there is not one Protestant denomination, but has some doctrine blindly cherished, that, for logic, is as bad as Peter's Roman Pontificate.

Does it seem to any one, as though that might have been presumptuously written? Then let it be remembered, as to bad logic, somehow, and its commonness theologically, what is implied in there being more than twenty Protestant sects, of which, every one is opposed to all the others, besides being often also divided against itself. "Is Christ divided?" No: and whatever else it may be, which is divided by bad logic, and dispensed for the bread of life, it is not Christ.

We are all of us in trust, always, for safety, as to property and even life, to the logic of our fellow-creatures, as regards the law and its interpretation in a court of justice.

I have sometimes wished, and especially in connection with church matters, that there were a Supreme Court of Logic, to which, a man in earnest, might appeal, as to book, pamphlet, sermon, or as to resolves in convocation; and where he could say, "The fees of the court have been paid. In the interest of general intelligence and the public good, I have some lines, as to which I would demand judgment from your High Intellectual Eminences, not as to the morality, the learning or the ignorance implied, but simply as to what pretends to be argument: is it logical or not?"

And if such a court there could be, and if it were trusted like the Supreme Court, as to law; what quiet there would be, for a while, on the fields of ecclesiastical controversy! And in pulpits and on platforms, what hosts would be silenced of what Milton would have called swash-bucklers!

But in all seriousness it may be said, that a supreme court of logic is not a greater want, socially, nor even perhaps a more improbable institution, than was a life insurance company, two hundred years ago—or better still, than an insurance company against fire, once was.

And, oh, in a while, with the decisions of such a court, what time and effort would be saved to a student, as to books for his reading! And what confidence intellectually, and what tranquillity, the public would feel, where now such multitudes are so uncertain, and because of intellectual indecision, are so wretchedly incapable of the joy and the fullness of Christian faith.

But, at first, after the institution of such a high court, there would be many curious incidents. Some very popular men, credited for perfect knowledge, and for being free of the universe as to sight, would be shown to have blinders alongside of their eyes, and to be working intellectually, only like horses in harness, drawing granite. And many a clergyman undertaking to preach theology according to articles of faith, supposed to hang together, like propositions in Euclid, would find himself, within a year, complained of, for heresy, and convicted as to his own creed. And the only excuse, that could be made for him would be, the impossibility of writing even fifty sermons a year, that should be precisely true to a long, intricate creed, without a good lawyer to supervise and correct. And such a thing might happen, at some great clerical meeting, got together for some particular purpose, as that the chairman might be served with a writ from the high court of logic, informing him that the object in view was inconsistent with the Assembly's Catechism, and other church standards, and also with a priest's obedience to his bishop, and that therefore, logically, the meeting must consider itself dissolved; and hinting also that the members of the meeting, had better get themselves absolved from some part of their church-allegiance, rather than violate it. And then also there would be some case, that would raise the question, whether it would be within the jurisdiction of the high court, to pronounce judgment on a preacher or writer, who should utter himself professionally, in a way quite inconsistent with notorious and positively ascertained facts of any kind—geological, archæological, physiological, psychological, historical.

And there are a few questions of curiousness, as to which

some persons might wish to invoke a High Court of Logic, experimentally: such as, whether the tickling of itching ears, is necessarily a sermon, because of its having been commenced with the enunciation of a text,—whether a man ought to be sustained in calling himself Reverend, after having been guilty in the pulpit, two or three times, in one address, of such offenses, as instancing Naaman the Tyrian, as having despised the pool of Siloam,—and as to whether by legislation, it ought or ought not to be enacted, that twenty-one convictions of bad logic, in the uttermost, should be considered as quenching any diploma for Arts, Law, or Divinity, with which an offender may have been honored.

It might seem, at the first view, as though such a court would be too much crowded with business. But in all probability, the terror of that High Court, would operate marvelously in repressing offences, that might be complained of, and especially among the classes, who would, chiefly, be worth noticing.

Let what has been written above, be taken for what it is worth. But there is a seriousness of meaning implied in it, that should be disregarded by no good Christian. For good logic is akin to truth-telling, and wonderfully conducive to it.

In several Christian denominations apart from the Catholic Church, there are notions, that for fancied importance, and real doubtfulness, are like St. Peter's Roman Pontificate: and if only they could be disposed of, by a High Court of Logic, oh, how the Christian Church would light up! And how quickly then, that monstrous thing, that unclean thing in the temple of the Lord—"odium theologicum"—how suddenly and surely it would begin to abate!

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"WE find our happiest moments in doing good. It is more joy for the sun to shine than for the earth to receive its rays."

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

## THE DEATH OF PROMINENT MEN.

THIS has been a month marked by the death of distinguished men. Judge Chase, Gen. Canby, James Brooks, Oakes Ames, and John Stuart Mill were men who, in different ways and degrees, have held conspicuous positions, and whose names have long been familiar to the public mind.

## SALMON P. CHASE.

We would speak first of Judge Chase, who held the highest judicial office in the United States. It is difficult now to make a fair estimate of his character. He was a man of very uncommon influence and ability. His highest qualities perhaps make us more severe than we should be in our judgment upon him. Great men in their grandest experiences, and by their highest words and acts, create the standard by which they are to be judged. The greater a man's powers, the loftier the heights which he attains in his happiest moments, the more exacting we become in our requirements of him, and the harder it must be for him to keep steadily up to his own ideal of what he should be. Hence it seldom happens that men of great genius and the highest aspirations are upon the whole satisfied or happy, or that the record of their lives leaves a satisfactory or happy impression on the minds of others. Hence also it is that the public is perhaps unreasonably exacting in the judgment which it passes on such men. When they die our harsher feelings are melted into grief. The sense of our common human faculties subdues and softens us, and yet our compassionate sympathies and our sorrows are intensified by the intrusive thought of how much more and greater they might have been if only they had lived up to what their own acts suggested as the true standard of living. No one who admired and loved and honored Mr. Webster can follow him through his life with-

out these mingled and conflicting emotions. Endowments so grand as were recognized in him, ideas of public and private honor so lofty, convictions of duty so strong, all united with such elements of personal dignity and greatness, and all showing themselves with such majesty and power in his highest efforts, created an ideal beyond what any man can constantly live up to. His admirers, therefore, may have been too hard in their judgments.

Few public men have through life more identified themselves with the cause of freedom and humanity than Salmon P. Chase. No statesman among us was, for twenty-five years, more prominently than he the representative of the advanced moral sentiment of the day. In Ohio, in the Senate of the United States, and as Secretary of the Treasury at the breaking out of the war, he did a great work for freedom and for the country, and did it ably and well. There were times when he seemed to be sacrificing his prospects of political and personal advancement through his fidelity and devotion to the anti-slavery cause. There were those who saw in this apparent devotion to an unpopular cause only the far-seeing sagacity of a selfish, ambitious man who sought thus early to place himself conspicuously on the side which he knew must win in the end. But only a man of very keen moral perceptions, and of a sound moral constitution, could anticipate events of that character so far ahead. When, therefore, the young lawyer, who was already beginning to be eminent in his place, undertook the defense of a slave, and entered into it with so much spirit and power as to convince his friends that he was ruining himself as a politician, it is but fair to judge him by his works, and to believe that he took the ground which he then took, and which he adhered to as long as he lived, from conscientious convictions of duty. It would be difficult for us, and out of place in this magazine, to follow Mr. Chase through all the complications of his public life from 1840 to 1861. It is enough to say that the weight of his mind and character and position was always on the side of liberty. Whatever criticisms might be made on the methods by which he attained to high

offices, there can be no doubt, that, in discharging the duties of those offices, he showed very great ability, and that his influence was on the right side. His enthusiasm and strength, amid the multiplied activities of his life during its most efficient period, were all bent in one direction; and probably no one man did more than he, during those dark and terrible days, to thwart the efforts of men who were laboring, by fair means and by foul, to extend the institution of slavery. So far his name should be mentioned only with honor.

He was undoubtedly disappointed in not being nominated for the Presidency in 1860. Though less conspicuous before the nation than Mr. Seward, he was more so than Mr. Lincoln, and may have felt that in that high and most difficult position he could have rendered much more effective services than the untried man who was chosen to preside over the government. So far there can be no ground for complaint. Ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds," had not gone beyond its legitimate sphere. As a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet he may have seen much to complain of, and many things which might have been done better than they were by the President, as there were many things in Mr. Chase's own department which might have been done better than they were. In that trying season of civil war, when every function of the government and the nation was strained to the utmost, the combined exertions of all patriotic minds, and especially in the Cabinet, were needed to strengthen the hands of the President, and sustain the courage and confidence of the people. And yet, in the darkest days of the war, Mr. Chase, through his friends, was giving very disparaging views of President Lincoln, as wholly incompetent to the duties of his place. If he could only have done as Mr. Seward did, who, according to Mr. Adams, assured Mr. Lincoln early in his administration, that he (Mr. S.) would never be a candidate for the Presidency, it would have been far better for him. Mr. Chase's conduct in this respect was such that Mr. Lincoln was obliged to accept, if not to ask, his resignation.



We would speak charitably of one whose services, in that momentous crisis, and notwithstanding these most serious drawbacks, were nevertheless so great. Mr. Lincoln, with a magnanimity perhaps too great, placed Mr. Chase in the office of Chief Justice, the office of the greatest weight and dignity in our government. But he evidently was never satisfied with it. We repeat the opinion of a very able and successful judge when we say that his services on the bench were of little value. In words taken from "The Boston Daily Advertiser," "the only melancholy part of his story is in its ending. Called by the President to the highest judicial post in the country, he might seem to have at length reached a height from which he could look down serenely on the struggles in which he had engaged, but from which he was forever removed. Unfortunately his ambition was not satisfied. The lust for the highest place in the government, the bane of so many men of less ability and purity than he, was too strong to be resisted. The noble man who had served the country so long and so well, who had deserved and received high honors, who had borne himself in every station with such signal prudence as to win even the praise of his political enemies, came to be evil-spoken-of only in his last days. It was no secret that he aspired to the Presidency. To win it he separated himself partially at least from his early friends, and exposed himself to the suspicion of dragging his judicial robes in the dirty ways of party politics. That he was ever guilty of vulgar intrigues to gain the prize was never charged nor believed, but that there was scandal in the manner in which Judge Chase sought for a party nomination it would be idle to deny. The Chief-Justiceship always seemed to be regarded by him only as a stepping-stone to something higher, and not as a position where the final honors to crown a noble and well-spent life were to be won."

If in our estimate of Judge Chase we may seem too severe, it is because we judge him by the criterion which his own example placed before us. No stain ever rested on his private character. Those who were brought into intimate

relations with him loved and honored him. In a letter written to a friend after he saw that his own political course was ended, he said : "I look for nothing in the future politically. I wish for nothing except grace to enable me to do my duty while I live, and pardon and peace when I die." These words, wrung from him in the anguish caused by the great disappointment of his life, seem to let us in to a perception of the deeper and finer qualities of his nature. If obscured or overpowered amid the temptations to which he was exposed, these deeper convictions, we believe, were always there. That which he did in accordance with them, and which gave him his name and power among men, was no assumed virtue. It was what he did sincerely and earnestly. Into that he threw himself with his whole heart, and by that, his true work, he should be judged.

#### OAKES AMES.

Two months ago, in an article on the Credit Mobilier, we spoke of Mr. Ames, and what he did for the Pacific Railroad. Our article was written after carefully reading the evidence given before the Congressional Committees, and the report of those Committees, with no personal predilections in the case. The conclusion to which we came was that great injustice had been done to Mr. Ames, both in Congress and the popular judgment of the press. He carried into public life, for which he had not been educated, the habits and principles of an upright, energetic business man. His great mistake was in not discriminating rightly between what was proper for him as a private citizen and as a member of Congress. What we, who knew him only as a stranger, had said of him living, is confirmed by what was said at his funeral, by the Rev. Rush Shippen, who had known him personally. We extract a portion of his funeral address :—

"The friend who to-day passes from mortal sight, born January 10, 1804, one of a family of seven, of whom four are now on the other side, had nearly completed the allotted period of threescore years and ten ; for nearly seventy years he had walked in and out before you as citizen, neighbor, and friend. You who knew him in

the intimacies of the social circle recognized in him a tenderness and warm-heartedness little known to the general public who saw him only in his outward career. You knew him as a firm, warm friend, holding fast to his faith in those to whom he had once entrusted his confidence, even when that confidence was sorely tried. You knew him as one just in his dealings man with man, having regiments of men in his employ who found him no tyrannical commander, but an honored, trusted leader to whom they pay their tribute of respect and grateful affection to-day. Through all the years of their life, walking side-by-side with his brother, holding their great interests in common, no unbrotherly strife ever divided them; no shadow of distrust ever came between them. At our nation's capital, when it was my occasional privilege to speak to the church of his faith and my own, I always found him one of the most punctual of public men, finding sufficient time and interest to come steadily to his seat for divine worship, and ever giving hearty response to any utterance of noble sentiment.

"He was true on the great questions of the time, and was through life a loyal advocate of temperance and freedom. \* With ample means for luxury, he preserved a Puritan simplicity in his home and habit of life. By precept and example he rebuked the extravagances that tempt so many beyond their means, and preserved the republican and majestic simplicity of the older generations. He met all men on the common level of simple manhood, — never cowering before the lofty, never despising the lowly.

"But his distinguishing characteristic was the massive mould and stature that rendered him a mighty worker in the world's affairs. By his birthright he seemed to be predestined as a worker amid the visible utilities that play so essential a part in the progress of civilization. Seven years ago, as I walked with him out of these doors to the church, I suggested that amid his weighty cares he should enjoy a summer vacation. He playfully replied that he had once rested a day at the seashore, and he thought that would serve him as sufficient vacation for the remainder of his life. Educated in the grand university of American affairs, mingling among men of prominence and distinction, studying the economies of the state, he gave himself from boyhood to the interests of industrial progress. At the beginning of the late rebellion our grand war-governor, John A. Andrew, called him to his side as one of the councillors of state. He gave his mighty energy to carry forward the work of the hour; lending the helping hand with his own private resources in times of

critical moment, to carry our State so grandly through the perils of those dark days.

"From the councils of our State he went to the nation's capital, and there, loyal and true to freedom and nationality, he proved one of the practical counsellors and strong men of the time. Before the war cloud had completely broken, when the destiny of the nation still seemed trembling in the balance, the whole people from sea to sea called aloud for the building of the railway whose iron bonds should help secure the unity of the republic. When, in view of its immense risks and uncertainties, capital shrank away and energy lacked means to undertake it, he, combining both, lent his great means and his organizing energy to carry it through. The people have forgotten to appreciate the perplexities, the doubts and discouragements, the fault-finding criticisms, and many obstacles encountered by the leaders in that enterprise. With manly courage and bold hope in the future, he still pressed on, risking a fortune with which he might readily have retired in ease, trusting it in the uncertainty, and consecrating to the enterprise years of laborious toil and anxious care.

"In alluding to this great work, my friends, it is not to sit in judgment; for he has passed beyond the reach of our poor words of praise or blame, and stands before that tribunal of eternal justice and infinite mercy whose searching sight looks not on the outward appearance of things, but reads the heart and sees men as they are. It is not only in the gracious favor of Almighty God, but in the considerate judgment of mankind, that we trust hopefully to-day. If in the minor details of carrying out that work we think his countrymen have for the present judged him too severely, it is not because we deny the possibility of a mistake; but, knowing his tried and unsullied integrity for many a year, we have steadily believed that he was moved by no corrupt intention. When the clamor of the hour has passed, I believe the American people will better recognize the grandeur of his service. I anticipate the more generous verdict of the coming time. Remembering how the welfare, the resources, the civilization of America, are indebted to his labors, I willingly, gladly, pay this day my tribute of respect and gratitude to his memory.

"What, then, remains for us, friends, but that here, by this open grave, we consecrate ourselves anew to the high calling of God? Let the American people, those here to-day who represent its business and public affairs, and the young men who are entering the

footsteps of the fathers, and taking up the burden of their work, — let America, in high places and low, learn to be faithful to the loftiest standard of conscience. Beyond the visible utilities of this life, let us set our heart's affections on the supreme good ; and toil for the interests that are eternal ; and lend the helping-hand and word to humanity everywhere in its weakness and its need."

#### JOHN STUART MILL.

Among the distinguished men who have died within the last month is John Stuart Mill, one of the ablest thinkers in the world. He has left behind him works which will remain as enduring monuments of his industry and genius. There is a delightful clearness in his style, — a straightforwardness and honesty in his method of treating subjects. We do not think he is to be placed in the highest class of metaphysical writers. There was a lack of imagination which gives to his metaphysical writings a certain bareness and dryness and which prevents his grasping the subject before him as a living whole or analyzing it with a proper regard to the relation which the different parts bear to one another. It is as a social reformer that he will be longest and most favorably remembered. His smaller works have been the most effective. No one could read such works as his on Liberty, or on the Subjection of Women, without profit, however much he might differ from him in many of his conclusions. We first became acquainted with him through his contributions to "The Westminster Review." For nearly forty years he has held a high place among the most interesting and instructive writers on social questions. He failed entirely, we think, to appreciate the place which religion should hold in every fully developed mind, and therefore his works can never have the influence which works of so much intellectual ability and moral purity should have in the cause of individual and social advancement.

#### ISAAC HARRIS HOOPER.

From these men of national or world-wide reputation, we turn to one of a private character, whose gentle, modest bearing concealed qualities of rare beauty and excellence. We met

him in the summer of 1864, when he was suffering from a severe wound, and again in 1865, when he was still suffering from the inroads which privation, exposure, disease, and wounds had made upon a naturally vigorous constitution. The elements of strength and sweetness which go to make a Christian gentleman are seldom more harmoniously combined than they were in him. He never spoke of himself or of what he had dared and done. And yet there was something about him in the very modesty of his deportment that gave indications of the virtue that was in him. We could not be with him without a silent respect for him, a confidence in him and a yearning towards him as a man to be loved and trusted. The following notice of him is taken from "The Liberal Christian : " —

"The hand of affection may not always be trusted in words of eulogy ; yet when a nature so rich in heroism, so sweet and gentle, passes from earth, a few words may be said concerning a life so stainless and at the same time so brave and true. The war gave him his new birth, as it did to multitudes of those who never knew what it was to live until the cannon of Sumter called the nation to arms. In the camp his gentle nature developed into that of a hero. Not the heroism of great deeds alone, but of great endurance, as well of silent sufferings, without making sign or moan, through campaigns and imprisonments and wounds, through daring and intrepid action, no less than in the brave cheerfulness and self-control with which he faced the weariness, exposure, and numberless cruelties of those Richmond prisons. He entered the service as a private soldier on the first day of the first call for troops, and remained in active duty until the war closed. Commissioned as an officer in the Fifteenth Massachusetts, he was in every battle of the Army of the Potomac until the siege of Richmond, captured at Ball's Bluff, imprisoned six months at Libby, and exchanged. He was shot through the body at the first Fredericksburg, captured again a month after the battle of Gettysburg ; he was eight months in Libby, escaping through the tunnel which he had helped to dig ; entered into the campaign of the Wilderness, where he had command successively of a brigade and a division of infantry. He was wounded again at Petersburg, and was mustered out of service, as a lieutenant colonel, with his regiment on the expiration of its term.

"On his recovery he recruited another regiment, and was going into service when the surrender of the Army of the Northern Virginia closed the war.

"Such was his record, and it was one of which any soldier might well be proud, — that of noble devotion, of rare courage, of patient endurance, and of heroic silence. Few men served their country more gloriously, bore honors more sweetly, or have left a brighter or a purer name. Thoughtful of others, forgetful of self, firm as a soldier, yet with a nature so gentle and winning in its sweetness, the days of peace have only confirmed what the heroic history served to stimulate; and in these later years of suffering, when he could sit dumb with pain, yet cheerful always if only those about him might not know the extent of his enduring, all the fine gold of his character was made to appear.

"To give up the battle of life was not an easy thing for him, even though wounds and disease had made surrender a duty. But to give it up in such a spirit of firm and gentle submission, of tender trustfulness in the wise and loving purpose of his God, — that was a victory of life!

"And as the Easter morning dawned here upon the earth upon a home darkened with a great sorrow, we know he went singing into heaven: —

"Let the song be begun,  
For the battle is done,  
And the victory won,  
And the foe is scattered,  
And the prison shattered.  
Sing of joy, sing of joy,  
And to-day raise the lay, —  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Gloria in excelsis!"

*"Boston, Mass.*

W. H. R."

#### MISS MARY CARPENTER.

Perhaps no woman in England, except Miss Florence Nightingale, is so widely known for her philanthropical labors as Miss Carpenter. For more than forty years she has taken a decided and active interest in every great movement for the improvement of society, but more especially in whatever might be of advantage to her own sex. No important measures looking to the relief of the lowest, or to the better education and advancement of the highest, have failed to enlist her sympathies and secure her zealous co-operation.



She has devoted herself for years to the criminal classes, both in prison and out, doing what she could to save them, from the degrading influences of prison life, and to provide means of reformation and safety for them when discharged from prison. But she has taken even more pains to save women from crime than to lift them up after they have fallen. She has therefore devoted a great deal of time and thought and labor to the better education of women, of all classes, in England and in India. Her address in the Hall of the Institute of Technology on the condition of woman in India was exceedingly interesting, and showed what a hopeful field of labor is there opening. Her talk at a private house on the Education of Girls was distinguished by the great wisdom which comes from a rare combination of good sense, high Christian principles, and long and varied experience. She believes in educating the minds of girls, but she would also educate their hands. There is no branch of education too high or too difficult for some women. But these are the exceptional cases, while every girl should learn to sew and every lady should be taught music and drawing. To learn how to use the hands she regards as a most important branch of female education. She had found that girls who studied one-half of the school day and sewed the other half got on in their lessons faster than boys who devoted the whole day to their studies. The helpfulness which comes from manual dexterity, the moral influence of habitual industry, the healthful effects, physically and morally, of manual activity, deserve a great deal more attention than is paid to them in our systems of education.

We are thankful for Miss Carpenter's visit among us. She came for rest and for information. We fear that she will not find much rest. If she gains as much knowledge and inspiration as she imparts she will not fail in her mission. It is a pleasure and a privilege to meet one who in private conversation or public addresses so interests and instructs us in the work which is to be done for the good of her sex, while she forgets to tell us of the great part which she has taken in the various movements of which she speaks.

## RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

"MEMORY BELLS." There was a little misapprehension — owing to the indefiniteness of the statement from which we copied — respecting the very sweet and beautiful effusion published in the last magazine under the above heading. The title should have been "Asleep and Awake." It was the production of Mrs. Margaret Lawrence Pray, wife of Dr. Orestes M. Pray, a young physician of much promise, resident of Brooklyn, N.Y., who was killed, a few years since, in a terrible accident on the Long Island Railroad. Mrs. Pray was daughter of Rev. E. A. Lawrence, D.D., of Marblehead, and grand-daughter of the late Dr. Woods, Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. Mrs. Pray had been nine months a bride when the disaster occurred, and lived nine months afterwards, — rather, we might say, died through those nine months the slow death of a heart inly breaking, while maintaining an exterior of calmness and Christian resignation more effusive than ever of the heavenly spirit, as flowers when broken give out their sweetness with greater profusion. We do not remember any instance of early genius dawning with so much brightness and promise. The poem given in the last magazine, and which had been published in "Hours at Home," was written by her when she was twenty years old, — not when fourteen. But before that, as her unpublished writings show, the spontaneous effusions which came from her were from a wonderfully tuneful nature ; and while they show how much was lost to earth, show at the same time how much was gained to those who hear the new song on the other shore. The "Memory Bells," which she *did* write when only fourteen years of age, and which has never before been in print, we are permitted to give under its appropriate title. It will be perceived that the coming event which was to bring its eclipse over her dawning genius had flung its shadow on before.

## MEMORY BELLS.

I am sitting in my chamber, while the darkness, tall and grim,  
Enters in with noiseless gliding, shutting out the twilight dim.  
Gleams a star with radiance holy in the heaven's sapphire sea ;  
And I hear the wind's low murmur through the drooping willow-tree.

While I sit thus dreaming, listening to Time's footsteps falling fast,  
Slow my heart, uprising, walketh 'mid the shadows of the past.  
Suddenly a mellow cadence stealeth softly down the dell, —  
'Tis the sound of distant music, ringing of some fairy bell.

How the crystal melody floats !  
While the airy, silvery notes  
Merrily drop upon the ear,  
Jingling, tinkling sweet and clear,  
Tinkling clear.

Joyous memories swiftly throng :  
Days of youth, departed long,  
All forgotten, come again  
In that jubilant refrain,  
Merrily, merrily !

Louder, fuller, doth it swell, —  
The pean of that golden bell ;  
And the rich, exultant sound,  
Liquid, rolleth all around, —  
The golden bell !

Thus my heart with ardor glowed,  
Thus Love's burning torrent flowed,  
In those witching days of yore,  
Gone, alas ! forevermore, —  
Forevermore !

Sadly, mournfully, peals it now,  
Tolling, tolling, tolling slow, —  
Knelling for the early dead  
Sleeping in their dreamless bed, —  
Tolling slow !

Shrill and loud the bell is twanging,  
Every stroke is sternly clanging,  
And each jarring, iron tone  
Swells with sharp and sudden moan, —  
Jarring tone, —

Harshly summoning to duty,  
Shutting out the thoughts of beauty,  
Waking me from dreams ideal,  
To the cold and bitter real, —  
The bitter real !

Waileth it bitterly, wildly, drearily !  
 Sobbeth it dismally, never so wearily !  
 Heart-breaks return in that desolate strain.  
 Cease, O thou requiem, come not again, —  
                                 Never again !

Hushed at length the bitter wail,  
 Swelling late adown the dale.  
 Calmly now the bell tones float :  
 Low and gentle is each note, —  
                                 Hushed the wail !

Though the hues of hope are faded,  
 And my sunlight fair is shaded,  
 Trust, O heart, thy Father's love,  
 Beaming through the clouds above, —  
                                 Brightly now.

Faint thou not, though sad and weary,  
 Though thy road be rough and dreary ;  
 Girded for this mortal strife,  
 Rouse thee to a nobler life, —  
                                 Rouse, O heart !

Still I'm sitting in my chamber ; still the radiant star beams down ;  
 Dies the last reverberation of that ever-changing tone.  
 But the haunting bells of memory woke an echo in my heart,  
 And their wild, unearthly music from my soul will ne'er depart.

REV. MR. SPURGEON is reported as saying, "That a number of pastors have come over to England from America, and found churches apparently with remarkable ease ;" and that he "hopes more will come, to keep pace with the stream of rascaldom which England is continually sending over to America." It strikes us as an excellent reason for the pastors to stay at home, and take care of the emigrating rascaldom. *Query*: Are English ears less itching and fastidious than American? For an American Unitarian minister informs us, that, whereas he preached constantly in England, he could find no audience at home.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS is demolished. Dr. Burr has killed it. He shows that it not only fails to explain the facts of our planetary system, but that some of the facts are stubbornly opposed to it. According to that theory of cosmogony, the planets ought all to revolve in one direction, from west to east: whereas Uranus

and his satellites revolve in exactly the opposite direction. Moreover, the axes of the planets ought to be coincident with their planes of revolution, and at right angles with their ecliptic, which is never the case. At various other points, Dr. Burr assaults the nebular hypothesis, till there seems nothing left of it. So then, he argues, a great fire-myst did not wriggle itself into a system of worlds, but "God created the heavens and the earth."

ROMAN CATHOLICISM, tested by facts, is the best and most conclusive argument against it. Dickens, who was cosmopolitan in his religion, makes this record as the result of his observation: "I don't know whether I have mentioned before that in the valley of the Simplon hard by here, where (at the bridge of St. Maurice over the Rhone) this Protestant canton ends and a Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with your stick in the dust of the ground. On the Protestant side, neatness, cheerfulness, industry, education, continual aspiration at least after better things. On the Catholic side, dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor, and misery. I have so constantly observed the like of this since I first came abroad, that I have a sad misgiving that the religion of Ireland lies as deep at the root of all its sources even as English misgovernment and Tory villainy." A work, published some twelve years ago, under the title, "Catholic and Protestant Nations Compared," written by Rev. N. Rousell, of Paris, is a magazine of facts and statistics furnishing abundant demonstration of the text of Dickens.

THE HAMPTON SINGERS sing with wonderful spirit, mingling the pathetic, the solemn, and the ludicrous in all shades and combinations. There is more of the uncultivated, native African in their music than in that of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and for that reason has more of the charm of nature and spontaneity. It is unlike all other music, and bears off the imagination to the rice-fields and the cotton-fields, and the villages of Africa, where, years ago, Mungo Park heard the same sort of melody, which soothed and delighted the weary traveler.

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXERCISE, we imagine, must have taken place in the meridian of Danbury, Conn., where it would seem such things often occur about this time. It was in an advanced class, just beginning to be literary.

Teacher. — "Why did Job wish his enemy had written a book?"

First Pupil. — "I s'pose it was because he wanted to be candid, and read on both sides, and get his enemy's stand-point."

Second Pupil. — "No: it was because Job wanted to review the book, and cut it up."

Third Pupil. — "I guess he has done it: for I saw 'Job Printing' on a sign the other day."

CANDIDATING is a kind of experience which laymen and laywomen do not know how to appreciate. Perhaps we may help them to imagine it. Suppose, then, that for some time you have had convictions growing warmer and brighter, until they demand utterance. The time and the occasion come. You think you have truths which will be bread from heaven to hungry souls. You hear of a destitute parish. You suppose it is the Word they are in want of. You go. You appear before a strange audience. There is an interrogation point photographed in everybody's eye. Who is he? Where did he come from? How old is he? Married, or going to be? How he walks, how he dresses, how he gesticulates, how he pronounces certain words, and to what wing he probably belongs,—are matters of curious speculation. You become more and more intensely conscious that the people have come less to hear you than to look at you and see how you perform your part. This makes the atmosphere of the house not very inspiring. You rise after the first hymn, and say "Let us pray." The congregation, instead of rising and praying with you, sit stock still and stare at you. They want to see how you perform that ceremony, and watch your attitudes and tones. It occurs to you that you should have said, "Let *me* pray, while you look on and see how well I can do it." If you burn with seraphic fire, perhaps you will break through the frozen exterior of the place and congregation: will smite the rock, and break through it to living springs. But seraphs even have their moods, and, in trying to warm up and resist the spirit of the place, you may become declamatory. Then the criticism will be, "Ah, he tries to be sensational." Or you try to be simple and natural,— "Ah, he is tame and commonplace." You become aware yourself that you are making a failure; that what you wrote under a glow of inspiration is falling into this chilling atmosphere like hot water thrown into the air in Russia, which turns to a shower of ice before reaching the ground. You leave Monday morning for another candidate to come and be looked at,— and so

a long procession come in turn to have what magnetism was in them drawn out of them and dissipated, as a damp air or a watery ground draws out the celestial fluid from electric wires. And the congregation spend months, and perhaps years, in looking at this procession of candidates, and comparing them together, and selecting at last one of whom they know nothing but the outside Sunday show, and who possibly is least adapted of all to their real spiritual needs. A large minority would have preferred Mr. Somebody-else. But the candidate elect is ordained, preaches a year, perhaps two or three, resigns, and goes somewhere else; and then a new procession of candidates come, and run the same gauntlet in turn. And this is candidating. And this makes up the main history of many religious societies. And a wretched history it is.

EVANGELIZING is quite another matter. A parish wants a minister, not a *preacher* merely, but a pastor, an organizer, and a friend who will share with them their sorrows and joys. They know beforehand of some one who will probably be the man for them. They send for him, not to take a look at him on Sunday, but to come and work with them, and build them up within and without. They ask him to come, and, for three months or six months, do the work of an evangelist, visit the sick and the bereaved, go into the Sunday school and the Bible class and the conference meeting; go from house to house, and open his mind and heart to the doubting or sorrowing, — and then preach Sunday, not some philosophy which he dug out of the books, but a sermon which speaks to the condition of the people and the wants of human nature practically learned. At the end of three months, or, at most, six months, the people will have had some opportunity to know him, and he to know the people; and, whether he stays longer or not, if there is any Christian faith in him, toned with common sense and self-devotion, he will have done a good work in the parish; will leave the parish in better condition for the labor of the man who shall come after him; and he will carry away from it some practical knowledge and experience as a minister, which will be of value to him in a new sphere of duty. Or if, at the end of the period named, he should receive and accept "a call," it would not be given and received blindly, and on account of a smart sermon or a factitious reputation. And his ordination would mean something, and be the augury of long and happy years of successful labor. This is the system of evangelizing.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REFORMATION. By George P. Fisher, D.D. Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by Thompson, Bigelow & Brown.

It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to read a book so thorough, so truthful, so well-written, so carefully studied, so skilfully arranged as this History of the Reformation. It is very interesting to read, and at the same time we know of no work on the subject to compare with it as a text book for students. It states in a concise but lucid manner the important incidents connected with the Reformation, and by its judicious references and extended list of works it furnishes or points to all the helps that are needed by those who would thoroughly investigate the subject.

LARS, a pastoral of Norway, by Bayard Taylor, opens with rare beauty. It is written in heroic verse, which, whether in its smooth flow or musical trickling, bears the reader along through love scenes and scenes of nature. Then it flows into the tragic. Its hero becomes a murderer, flees into the New World where, under Quaker influences, his nature becomes softened and subdued. He returns to Norway, a better man, and the story ends among delighted domestic love scenes. It is a romance in verse, and a very delightful one. s.

THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES ANSWERED in the Words of Scripture. A year book of Scripture texts. Arranged by G. Washington Moon. Boston: Shepard & Gill.

Besides the Scripture texts which are arranged with care for every day in the year, this handsome book contains blank leaves with headings for a diary extending through the year.

HALF-HOUR RECREATIONS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. Dana Estes, Editor. No. 7. The Geology of the Stars. By Prof. A. Winchell, of the University of Michigan. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, Price, 25cts.

Carefully prepared, and full of instructive matter.

